

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1871.

## The Week.

THE Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* has "interviewed" Senator Schurz with regard to "the conspiracy" which the *Times* professed to have discovered between him and Messrs. Trumbull and Fenton, and which it has revealed to the world under the designation of the "Schurz-Fenton Trick," having for its object the defamation of the President, under the guise of an enquiry into abuses. Mr. Schurz says that he knew nothing of Mr. Trumbull's motion till it was made, a statement which we believe Mr. Trumbull would corroborate. Moreover, we can also say with confidence that nobody was more surprised than Mr. Trumbull at the stir his motion produced. He had no idea that the place where he put his finger was so tender, nor had he any idea that the public at large would be so much roused by the yells of the patient, and would insist so eagerly on having him stripped, examined, and radically treated. Our assertion last week, that the reason why the Administration Senators were so seriously alarmed by the motion was their fear that it would damage the President's prospect of renomination, has been confirmed fully by an article in *Harper's Weekly*, written in his defence. In short, the President has assumed, in the eyes of his supporters, the attributes of an "heir presumptive," and anything which clouds his prospects they treat as treason. Nothing could be more simple-minded, too, than the way in which they treat hostility to his renomination as disqualifying a Senator even for the task of enquiring into his management of the government, just as if the Committee of Seventy were, owing to their previous suspicions of Connolly and Hall, disqualified from examination of the city accounts.

The report of the Civil-Service Commissioners has been given to the public since our last issue, and is a very candid and thorough discussion of the whole subject. Of course there was, after all that has been said on the matter during the last four or five years, little or nothing very new to be urged in favor of the reform. The actual contact of the Commission with the difficulties of the question, and the consciousness that something would probably come of their labors, have given their observations a pointedness which is easier felt than described, and have enabled them to throw useful light on some of the suggestions which have come before the public from various quarters. For instance, Mr. Cox's proposal, which, we believe, Mr. Trumbull has since adopted, that the postmasters should be elected, they met with the objection that it would be almost impossible to determine a postmaster's constituency with sufficient accuracy to ensure real responsibility and supervision. As we supposed, the report leaves the present office-holders untouched. They are to remain as they are, untested in any way, but subject to the power of arbitrary removal; and they have been, as we pointed out last week, selected carefully by Tom Murphy and his like, with reference, in the vast majority of cases, solely to their electioneering capacity or political influence. The new rules forbid the practice of levying assessments on their salaries for political purposes, but with this exception the civil service will continue for the present—at all events, till after the next Presidential election—precisely what it has been in times past; and unless the President has greatly changed since he dismissed all office-holders in Missouri who supported Schurz and Gratz Brown, and put Tom Murphy into the Custom-house (according to Tom's own confession, as we can prove) to "run it" for the benefit of the party, it will be used to secure his renomination, just as in this State it was used to secure the control of the last convention for "the friends of the Administration," under Murphy's auspices. Now, we do not hesitate to express our earnest conviction that no reform in the civil service can ever be made per-

manent which does not clearly involve self-sacrifice on the part of the administration which carries it out—that is, no reform made by the Republicans which does not deprive them of the use of the civil service for party purposes will be respected by the Democrats when they come into power. If General Grant is aided in procuring his re-election by a corrupt civil service, his successor will assuredly not accept the legacy of a reformed service at his hands, and the whole reform will wear the appearance of a dextrous and successful effort to ride two horses.

The remedy is, either to take away the power of arbitrary removal, to which, as we have said, there are in the present state of the public mind and of party usages serious objections, or to apply the reform at once to actual incumbents as well as to prospective candidates. Of course, modifications would have to be made in applying the system of examinations to men who have served long and well, but a great and beneficial and much-needed weeding-out could be accomplished without inflicting any hardship on competent persons, and without deranging the service. This should be accompanied, too, by a general order, such as Mr. Green issued in the City Hall, warning officials that their duties were ministerial and not political, and that as long as they perform them faithfully they shall not be vexed or pursued or in any manner damaged on account of their political opinions. Without some such action as this, it will be useless to try to persuade those who really care about civil-service reform and have worked for it that the President sincerely desires it. *Harper's Weekly* insists that he does, but, while entertaining the highest respect for the opinions of that journal, we would ask it seriously whether it can really expect people to accept either General Grant's assertions or its own as outweighing the President's course with regard to the civil service during the last three years. It is useless, for instance, to tell us that he was "overborne by the system" when he made the sweep in Missouri or appointed Murphy collector. If he, a civil-service reformer, could be forced into doing these things, how can the public be got to believe that he will have the strength to carry out the great reform the Commission has sketched out for him, and the execution of which it declares to rest solely in his discretion? Shall we be seriously told that the heart which quailed when Murphy charged will not quail when the whole tribe of Murphys rise against the new régime?

Mr. Hoar's bill, providing for the appointment of a Commission to investigate the condition of the laborer, has passed the House, and will doubtless pass the Senate, and, as might have been expected, Mr. Hoar is in receipt of a large number of letters from persons anxious to serve on the Commission. There is probably no position of the kind which has so many attractions both for the struggling politician and for the philanthropist with a hobby. We may mention, for the information of those whom it may concern, that Mr. D. A. Wells—whom the omission of an "and," by the bye, made us last week speak of as the State Geologist of Missouri—has written, and is now engaged in the delivery, of a lecture on "Labor," to which we have listened within a few weeks, for which we advise the new Commission to call on Mr. Wells at the earliest possible moment. It is not in the least likely that the Commission itself will produce anything nearly so valuable in the nature of an examination of the conditions of the labor problem, and of the hindrances, in legislation or in the state of the currency or taxation, to the laborer's receiving his just reward. Nobody in the country is in possession of a tithe of Mr. Wells's information on this subject, and few, if any, have such skill in the arrangement of facts and the extraction from them of solid instruction.

The Committee of Seventy have drafted a new charter, which they will submit to the Legislature, not for adoption so much as

suggestion. It boldly adopts the theory that the Mayor, if made very powerful, would re-elect himself, so it leaves him considerable power of removal, but only little power of appointment. It creates a legislature consisting of a board of forty-five aldermen, nine to be elected from each senatorial district, and by the cumulative variety of minority representation—that is, each voter may vote for nine candidates, or concentrate his nine votes on one, so that it will be possible in every district for a well-managed minority to secure representation at all events. The board is to have complete legislative powers, including the voting of the taxes, a provision which is an immense improvement on the present system of having them voted at Albany, and would, if adopted, do a good deal to purify the State Legislature. The suggestion recently made in the *Nation*, that all municipal acts, proceedings, and transactions should be published in a municipal record, and all payments to city papers for advertising be done away with, also finds a place in the draft. This is more useful than it seems on the surface; for, without meaning to charge any paper in particular with actual corruption, except the Ring organ, the *Star*, which pocketed nearly \$300,000 of the stolen money, there is no doubt that the city advertising did, if not corrupt, at least silence many papers with regard to city abuses, and made all of them more cautious and reticent than they would otherwise have been in denouncing them. We ought, in saying this, to do tardy justice to the youngest journal of prominence in the city, the *Evening Mail*, by adding that, considering the temptations which the Ring was ready to offer to all papers, and which, in the case of young papers, of course were peculiarly strong, the part which this one took in the fight against the Ring was remarkably creditable.

The administrative portion of the city government is divided between ten departments, of which the Public Works, Parks, Docks, Charities and Correction, and Finance have five Commissioners each. The arrangement of the others is not settled. Of these five Commissioners the Mayor appoints one and the Aldermen the others. He may remove his own peremptorily, the others for cause, and the Aldermen may remove their own four, but not less than four, peremptorily. When the Mayor removes any aldermanic Commissioner, or the Aldermen remove their own, they also fill the vacant places. It is probably here that the weak point of the new system will be discovered, as it is here the log-rolling and bargaining will take place. This government of departments by five persons will necessarily greatly weaken responsibility, and make it almost impossible to bring any shortcoming home to anybody in particular. But the framers of a charter have to choose between this and so concentrating power as to enable one man to set the whole community at defiance, and sell nominations, as Fernando Wood is believed to have done. Five Commissioners, it is safe to say, are too many, and annual elections, which the Committee recommend, would be a great mistake. It is not possible for the best men of the city either to go through the labor of selecting candidates once a year or even to form a correct judgment about the merits of men in office. Few men have time to show their capacity in any place of trust, in which they are called upon to deal with an innumerable multitude of details, between April of one year and April of the next. Two years is as often as non-professional politicians ought to be called on to set the electoral machine in motion. The professional ones would, of course, like to have elections once a month, and to have life here and hereafter passed in making up "slates" and "attending to one's political duties." They delight in "political duties," but they are the only duties they care about.

Owing to various technical objections on the part of the defence, the Ku-klux trial in South Carolina have made slow progress, and but one case has actually reached a hearing and a decision. This was the case of Robert Hayes Mitchell, charged with complicity in the murder of one Jim Williams, a black man, or, in the language of the act, with conspiring and combining to deprive him, as a citizen, of the right of suffrage. The jury consisted of two white men

and ten mulattoes of more than average intelligence, and Mitchell had for his counsel Mr. Reverdy Johnson and ex-Attorney-General Stanbery, who seem, however, to have been quite staggered by the weight of testimony establishing the existence of the Ku-klux order and its political purpose; so much so that Mr. Johnson felt obliged to denounce warmly the atrocities contemplated by it, and perpetrated by the associates of his client, and both counsel confined themselves to proving Williams's bad character, Mitchell's subordinate part in killing him, and the absence of a political motive in this special instance of Ku-kluxery. It was, however, such a defense as neither of them could have much enjoyed making, and probably they were neither of them surprised nor outraged by the verdict of guilty which followed their efforts. The Columbia correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* furnishes another reason for supposing that what Webster would have called their "performing a disagreeable duty" has been more than commonly irksome to these eminent advocates. After remarking that "no exception to the general rule of treatment of Yankees has been made in their favor" at Columbia, he continues:

"They have been here three weeks; they are both gentlemen of respectability, and probably of decency; they are both Democrats (a mark of decency, etc.); they came here to defend 'our best citizens' from Federal tyranny; but they are both Yankees, and they have not yet been invited to the house of any native citizen, nor have they taken a meal at any other place than their hotel, except at the house of Mr. Chamberlain, the carpet-bag Attorney-General and Government counsel in the Ku-klux cases."

It appears that Mr. Schenck, on learning how his course with regard to the Emma Mine was considered, applied to the State Department for advice, and, on Mr. Fish's recommendation, but without any censure, resigned his directorship. It has been discovered, in his defence, that the Duke of Saldanha, when Portuguese ambassador at London, allowed his name to be used in bringing out a Lisbon tramway scheme on the London market. All that can be said about this is that the Duke did wrong; that he is a notorious old "operator" and adventurer, and no model for American diplomatists. The *Tribune* elevates him, for the purposes of Schenck's defence, to the rank of "one of the most illustrious of Continental statesmen," which is nearly as strong as the prospectus of the Emma Mine; but we object to the now time-honored fashion of defending American abuses by pointing out the commission of a similar abuse, sometime within two hundred years, by some rascal or set of rascals in the Old World. It is, for instance, no longer a sufficient answer to a charge of bribery against an American legislator that in Walpole's time English members of Parliament were bought up wholesale. The fact that the Americans are more of a business people than the Portuguese, or than any Europeans, renders it all the more necessary that our ministers should not go abroad as the agents of speculators, with their desk full of prospectuses and "reports." We are glad Mr. Schenck has resigned his directorship, but we wish he had done so before he received anything for the use of his name, and before the stock of the company was all sold. We would warn English investors, too, that that "monthly dividend" of the Emma Mine which sounds so attractive is not to be relied on for the support of a family.

General Boynton, the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, has taken the trouble to disinter from the files of the *Globe* the history of this retrenchment committee over which the battle of last week was fought, and it puts the henchmen of the Administration in a more embarrassing position than ever. It appears that this committee on retrenchment, for which Mr. Trumbull moved, is not a new committee, but an old committee organized so long ago as 1866, and revived regularly by every Congress since. It appears, moreover, that among its most ardent supporters were Messrs. Edmunds and Sherman, and, worse than all, that the duties assigned to it by Mr. Trumbull's motion, and the terms in which they were assigned to it, are all but identical with those of the resolution of 1866. When that resolution was so amended as to extend the enquiry to the condition of the civil service, Mr. Edmunds accepted the amendment, asking simply for an enlargement of the committee; and this is what the organs of the Administra-

tion have the assurance to talk of as a trick. It may be well to renominate General Grant, and it may be, as *Harper's Weekly* says, that two-thirds of the Republican party desire his renomination, but the question cannot be settled until the Convention meets. In the interval, it is everybody's right, and indeed everybody's duty, to discuss him and his Administration, not less, but more freely and fully than heretofore; and so far from the doors being shut on those who are now opposed to his renomination, it is they who, if there be any difference of right in the matter, are best entitled to all the information that can be furnished.

The Cuban difficulty has clearly entered on a new phase, in that it has become manifest that Spain has not only not been successful so far in quelling the insurrection, but that she does not control even the "loyal" population. In short, she does not govern the island, nor any part of it. The volunteers hold it, and the Spanish troops occupy the position of an auxiliary force. This would be a sufficiently perplexing state of things if the volunteers were a disciplined force, which they are not. The course of a foreign government dealing with a friendly power engaged in the suppression of an insurrection is plain enough. It can wait as long as it pleases for the insurrection to be put down, without compromising its dignity or waiving any of its rights; but, when the government so engaged shows itself to be unable, even in that portion of the territory peaceably occupied by its troops, and in which its authority is not disputed, to fulfil its international obligations, there is not the same room left for discretion. If Havana belongs to Spain, and is garrisoned by Spanish soldiers, there must be somebody in it capable of answering for Spain to other powers; and, if there be not, somebody has to be found. At present there is not. The loyal end of the island is in the hands of forty thousand unruly volunteers, and forty thousand unruly volunteers are a body unknown to international law. Our Government cannot treat with such a body, nor call it to account, nor get redress from it. It can do nothing with it but disperse or disarm it. The questions whether it will do this, and when it will do it, are questions of convenience simply; and the existence of such a state of facts does not by any means make war imminent, but it is a state of facts which calls for an entirely different attitude from that called for by a protracted insurrection.

Business in all branches has been dull during the past week, and prices, with one or two exceptions, have materially declined. Breadstuffs continue to fall, the supplies being large and sent to market freely, while the European demand has declined. Meats have also started on a fresh decline, the hog supply being large and holders eager to sell. Groceries are firm, especially coffee, which is now higher than it has been for years, owing to the short crop in the Brazils and the increased consumption of the present year. Speculation is invading the grocery market since the decay of Wall Street, and "coffee rings" and "tea rings" are the order of the day. Cotton is firm, and has advanced, although last week, for the first time since the heavy receipts began, the weekly arrivals exceeded those of the corresponding week of last year. The consumption of cotton at the present time is enormous, and it is very doubtful whether it can continue at this rate; from the great Oriental markets there already come reports of glut and overstocking. But here everything is buoyant, and the belief in a short crop is not affected by the temporary increase in receipts. Real estate is nominally firm, but very dull; dealers report unusually large amounts of property offered for sale, but without much yielding on the part of holders.

In Wall Street, money has continued scarce and high; but stocks are active and advancing. A so-called "bull campaign" has been agreed upon by the great leaders of the manipulating fraternity, and neither the public indisposition to participate in their schemes, nor the scarcity of money, nor the uneasiness of the banks, appears to be able to influence them. It is unfortunately true that the whole conservatism of the banks appears to be directed against the commercial and mercantile community, who find accommodation of every description extremely difficult to obtain, while the

great Wall Street gamblers appear to control unlimited sums, although they have to pay somewhat higher rates for it. There is nothing new in relation to the great onslaught on Erie. Gold has touched 108½, the lowest point since June, 1862, and silver is now but a nominal premium above par in currency.

The republican agitation in England seems to gain in fervor if not in extent. The monarchy has on its side, in the large towns at least, a large body of persons who do not, on some subjects, believe in the value of free discussion, and they attack the republican meetings, which nearly all end in a free fight. Besides the fight at Bolton, at which a republican was killed by a brickbat thrown in at the window, an attempt on Sir Charles's part to lecture at Derby resulted in another fight, by which the meeting was broken up. Besides Mr. Auberon Herbert—who is the son and brother of a peer—and Sir Charles Dilke, another member of Parliament, Mr. Charles Seely, Jr., has come out as a republican. The principal other republican champion is Mr. Odger, who is distinguished in the labor movement; but he has had a terrible encounter with Mr. Osborne, another prominent labor reformer, at a meeting of the "London democrats." This body appears to be short of money, \$35 being due to a printer and \$75 to somebody else for "getting up a demonstration," and there are no funds to pay them. This led to an open contention between the two democratic chiefs, Osborne treating Odger as a sham republican who never would get a republic and was not in earnest in seeking it, and they thereupon abused each other roundly, accusing each other of greed, selfishness, and the receipt of money for which they made no return—in short, of several monarchical vices.

The movement against the House of Lords seems to gain in force also. A conference on the subject has been held at Birmingham, at which the tide of opinion seemed to run mainly against the hereditary principle and the presence of the bishops in the Upper House; but there was no sign of favor for a single chamber. Sir Charles Dilke lectured in the evening, his discourse ending as usual in a free fight. He opposed life peerages as a mere mitigation, and only a slight one, of the evils of hereditary legislation, on the ground that men of real ability would not accept them, and that those who did would be looked down on by the hereditary peers. A nose-pulling case, Bostonians will be interested to hear, has arisen out of the republican movement—Alderman Carter, a member of Parliament, who took the tickets at one of the Dilke meetings, having been charged by Mr. Mallinson, an architect, with "tweaking" his nose. The magistrate found the alderman guilty of an assault, but of an insignificant character, and dismissed the case.

The accounts from France are anything but encouraging. The tendency of the opinion of the country at large seems to have been of late towards the acceptance of the Republic, as having the great merit, whatever its defects, of actually existing. But this appears to have made the majority of the Assembly, which has just met again, more reactionary in its temper and high-handed in its policy than ever before. In the new organization, the Left had been denied almost all representation among the vice-presidents and secretaries and in the committees. The executions at Satory have produced great irritation in Paris, and rendered the idea of going back there more unpopular than ever with the Conservatives, although the necessity for going back is every day more apparent. Thiers seems anxious to throw the blame of them on the Commission of Pardons, though he knows well that such offences as Rossel's could not be pardoned and the discipline of the army maintained; and then, to the ordinary uncertainties of the future is added the uncertainty caused by his advanced age. In short, the probability of prolonging the present situation seems much smaller than it was three months ago. Should either of the two factions seek to precipitate the crisis, that crisis can only consist in an appeal to the army; and of the sentiments of the French army, as at present constituted, nobody seems to know much, but it is safe to conclude that it is not Republican, much less Reddish. Our Paris correspondent gives an interesting account of another "leading mind" of the Commune, whose career closely resembles Rochefort's.

## ROYALTY AND REPUBLICANISM IN EUROPE.

WHAT are the pleas of republicanism in Europe? And, above all, what are the sins—past, present, or potential—of European royalty? This latter term is so vague and comprehensive, that we must begin by making some distinctions, since almost all the possible phases of decline through which royalty must pass may be said to co-exist in Europe, from its all but perfect type personified in the Russian autocrat to the phantom royalty of England, Belgium, and Italy. Now, it is a fact that there are no republicans in Russia, and even men like Putin and Bakunin, who go to Geneva and become citizens of the "Universal Republic," do not urge the immediate proclamation of the republic in Russia. In Germany, too, where the struggle for constitutional liberty is still far from being terminated, the number of professed republicans is remarkably small. But in those countries where the prerogatives of the sovereign have been reduced to what may be called a minimum, since they have reached the level of those allowed to the chief magistrate in a republic—where liberty is greatest, and where the rights of individual citizens are most freely asserted and most scrupulously respected, the republicans are sufficiently strong to form political parties, and to threaten the institutions to which they owe their impunity. In other words, European republicanism grows in the inverse ratio of autocratic tyranny; its reaction against personal tyranny is weakest where that tyranny is greatest; it is strongest where the traces of personal government are evanescent. And as this would be a *reductio ad absurdum* which we cannot accept, our syllogism can become true only by the assumption that it is no longer monarchical oppression, but some other feature of monarchy, which modern republicanism reacts against, and that if it cannot strike royalty in the name of liberty and morality, its grievance must be an intellectual one. And in this intellectual strength lies its political weakness. It can no longer stir the heart as Masaniello did, or Garibaldi. There are no wrongs to avenge, though there are follies to expose, and mistakes to correct. The cry of liberty falls flat when raised against those who are no longer enemies of liberty. And thus all purely republican agitation, when separated from socialism, can wield no other weapons than those of criticism. With these it has discovered that royalty, though no longer tyrannical, is something worse than harmless—a superfluity. But this is only a thesis, and no cry. It is easy to knock down an enemy, but how can you shake off a bore? Many men, who would enjoy the former exploit, would shrink from the latter, which implies, if nothing worse, a breach of decorum or a breach of the peace. It was easier to expel Isabella of Spain or the King of Naples than it would be to get rid of a respectable worthy like the King of Saxony. And, as a matter of fact, crowned profligates and crowned despots have rarely been attacked by the republicans or in the name of the republic, but have been expelled only to make room for better sovereigns. Even the Mazzinians, if not Mazzini himself, accepted Victor Emanuel as universal heir of the Italian thrones, and the relief they felt was so great that they never thought of agitating for the republic.

Before we admit (what can hardly be denied) that royalty, when properly disarmed and constitutionalized, becomes a superfluity, we will examine its residual attributes, such as are still allowed to belong to it in the freest monarchies of Europe. These attributes are the veto, the right of legislative initiative, the right of declaring war and of making peace, and, lastly, its hereditary character. The first two a constitutional king has in common with the President of the United States, and of the third he can make as little use as if he were a President-elect, unless the funds are granted by the nation. How troublesome the exercise of similar rights can become under circumstances, Americans know fully as well as Europeans, and English republicans feel so strongly on this point, that they would object as much to a president-elect as to an hereditary sovereign. Mr. Conway, who addressed the London Republican Club, at the Hall of Science, on the 13th of November, tried to show that the evils "resulting to a nation from having a president" were about as great as those resulting from having "a ghost of a king," and in his

dread of any personal headship, he was even "opposed to the principle of State legislatures in America," and wished to see all these pointed State pyramids merged into one large truncated pyramid, tapering off into nothing worse than "a commission with a sort of prime minister." We grant that it is dangerous to leave such weapons as the veto in the hands of any single man. The Roman tribunes, who first wielded it, were at least two, and sometimes ten. But since all these considerations concern republics as well as monarchies, they need not be urged in the name of the republic as republic, and the desired reforms may be obtained by way of amendments to the constitution in every free country. Even kings have been, and can at any time be, legally stripped of their various prerogatives without bloodshed or revolution. The only attribute of royalty which distinguishes even the most powerless king from a president, and of which it could not be stripped without ceasing to be royalty, is, besides its name, its hereditary character. The Pope-kings and the kings of Poland, though elected kings, were real kings, but only because they were not constitutional kings in the modern sense of the term.

Suppose, then, that we had found the modern idea of royalty, the model king with none but citizen's rights, of whom nothing could be predicated except that he was his father's son, that he enjoyed a salary called the civil list, and that he was the recognized head of society. Politically, such a personage would certainly be superfluous, but would he be worse than superfluous?

According to his three predicates, he could be objected to on three grounds: intellectually, on the ground of common sense; financially, on the ground of economy; and morally, on socialistic grounds. The financial argument recently proffered in England by Sir Charles Dilke, though sound and apparently irresistible, is not likely to tell. It could have weight only with a nation that was neither wealthy nor pleasure-loving. Even in semi-bankrupt Italy the people (workmen and all) would not grudge the funds for the erection of a royal ball-room in the Quirinal, if Sella were less stingy; and as long as cities are ready to waste a hundred thousand francs for one night's illumination, while the lamp of education wants feeding and trimming, all specious denunciation of a frugal king's expenditure would be simply a waste of breath.

Less weighty even than the financial is the social argument. Royalty is, no doubt, a superstition, as Garibaldi and many before him have called it; and, what is worse, it is a superstition of the upper classes alone, in this sense, that they excuse their own weakness for royalty by assuming it to be a superstition of the lower classes, whom, they think, it would be cruel to deprive of it. The recent discovery that the people had, long since, outgrown this superstition, would have been a painful surprise to the upper classes but for their remarkable power of "not seeing" unwelcome things. Nor can it be denied that human majesty, whether in the garb of royalty, or wealth, or titles, or cocked hats, has often captivated even democratic hearts, and occasionally this weakness crops up where one least expects it. A Liberal Italian paper, quite recently, found fault with two ministers of the crown for going into a Roman restaurant, and sitting down to dine with people who were likely to speak disrespectfully of their last measures. But all these sentiments belong to a sphere lying beyond the reach and competency of political agitation. Society, with all its follies, cannot be regulated by legislation. Even its inequalities, which, in a free country, are never anything but school-classes, through which every one who can may pass, are the result of that very principle of liberty which has made of individual freedom the supreme law of modern society. And that is the reason why socialism is as antagonistic to individual freedom as it is antagonistic to the freedom of trade and of competition. But on these points many people seem to have confused ideas, and idiotic Europeans still express astonishment when they hear New Englanders talk of the "classes" of Boston society, as if various Republicans were bound to associate with each other regardless of tastes, affinities, or culture.

The only really vulnerable point of modern royalty is, strange to

say, its so-called legitimacy. A good king is king not because he is good, but because he is the son of his father. He is a physical accident, and, if royalty were not politically harmless, common-sense might well object to such an institution. Nor is legitimacy what the term implies, there being no monarchy on earth where the continuity of succession has not been broken by revolution or by conquest; and if the plebiscitary right were to correct or supplant the so-called divine right, it would have consistently to be enforced on the death of each sovereign. Royalty would then become elective, and soon cease to be royalty.

What, then, is to be done with this institution? To substitute, more or less gradually, the plebiscite for the right of lineal succession, would certainly be the gentlest way of bringing about the self-extinction of royalty. Even convents are suppressed not by the expulsion of the monks, but by the exclusion of novices. But the proceeding is too slow to please a militant political party. Nor is it likely to find favor with conservative people. For it must be admitted that the sovereign people can be as troublesome and as foolish as any king of the old school; and there are men, even in America, who think that the belief in universal suffrage, unrestricted by any educational or domicile test, is as much a superstition as royalty ever was—not, indeed, in the same innocent sense as royalty, or lord mayor's shows, or national guards, but in the far more pregnant sense in which protectionism, trial by jury, and the pretended "national horror" of secret voting or of compulsory education have, at times, been qualified as popular superstitions.

In fact, it is not enough for rational men to cry *Delenda est* when they have to deal with anything simply superfluous. A mason does not pull down a house, or clear away the rubbish either, without having counted the cost; and it behooves the republicans of Europe, if not content with gradual action, to consider how much blood, money, and misery it would cost to rid the world of such sovereigns as Queen Victoria or Victor Emanuel (such being the only ones objected to). Signor Crispi, one of the republican leaders in Italy, after making this calculation, came to the strange conclusion (which he was honest enough to state in public) that royalty could, in exceptional cases, be of some use to a nation, and that the Italians, in their present condition, might say of monarchy what the French say of the republic, "It unites us"; and might say of the republic what the French most justly say of monarchy, "It divides us."

This is an important admission. But, as it refers to exceptional cases only, it does not invalidate the general maxim that sovereigns are superfluous in proportion to their loyalty to the constitution. It only shows that republican leaders need not, and ought not to, cease being practical statesmen. To be successful, or, rather, to hasten their success, they should endeavor to gain over a greater number of educated men, which they could easily do by merely abstaining from rant and hollow declamation. The line of action which European republicans should follow is clear and broad. Let them begin by attacking and combating the principle of hereditary rights where it is apt to work real mischief, not where it is a powerless emblem. Let them agitate for the reform or suppression of the British House of Lords; and let them, above all, endeavor to prevent any relapse into monarchy when chance or revolution has brought on an interregnum.

#### A POLITICAL FINANCIER.

THE approaching election by the Legislature of Ohio, to fill a vacancy in the representation of that State in the Senate of the United States for a term of six years, commencing March 4, 1873, possesses more than ordinary interest, for the reason that, in case of the re-election of the present senator, Mr. John Sherman, the principal candidate, he will in all probability be continued in the office of chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate—a place of great importance to the whole country, and demanding of its occupant the highest qualifications in respect to integrity, statesmanship, and financial knowledge and experience. Mr. Sherman's friends, in advocating his re-election, allege that he possesses these

qualifications in a pre-eminent degree, and that, therefore, no other candidate from the Republican party in the State should be allowed to enter the lists in opposition. To make a claim, however, is one thing; to support it by evidence is quite another; and with a view of seeing how far the claims in this case are supported by evidence, we propose to enquire a little into Mr. Sherman's history.

Mr. Sherman entered the Senate in 1861, after having previously served four terms in the House, and was re-elected in 1867. He is now, consequently, at the close of his second term. An examination of his earlier senatorial record, as contained in the pages of the *Congressional Globe*, fails to show anything which does not bear the stamp of mediocrity; and during the inception and consummation of the financial measures consequent upon the war, he does not appear to have said or proposed anything which the future historian of the period will consider as of the slightest importance. After the war, his career becomes more significant.

It will be remembered that the so-called "greenback swindle," or the project of paying off the Government funded debt in depreciated currency, was first prominently promulgated by Mr. Pendleton in Ohio, in the State campaign of 1867; and although at first denounced by the Republican leaders in the State generally, it proved exceedingly popular with the masses, and before the close of the year may be said to have nearly carried the public sentiment of the State, without distinction of party. In the outset, Mr. Sherman, in common with other Republican leaders, did not hesitate to characterize the whole project, in the plainest language, as a crime; but as the summer's experience made it probable that the popular current throughout the State was setting in the other direction and with Mr. Pendleton, he took a politician's and not a statesman's view of the subject, and soon arrived at essentially different conclusions. The second session of the Fortieth Congress assembled in December, 1867, and, on the 17th of that month, Mr. Sherman obtained the consent of his committee to submit a bill and report in reference to the refunding of the debt at a lower rate of interest than six per cent., in which, without committing the Finance Committee of the Senate to his doctrine, he, nevertheless, repeated all the Pendletonian arguments in favor of paying the bonds in legal tender at their current or some prior rate of depreciation. In fact, the whole report was evidently designed to rouse a fear in the mind of the public creditor that Congress would ultimately accept the greenback doctrine, and thus, for fear of having his debt repudiated, induce him to exchange his six per cent. Five-Twenty bonds for a new Five per cent. which Mr. Sherman's bill proposed to create. The implied and ill-concealed threat contained in the report and bill was, however, a little too much for the Senate and the general sentiment, and so the bill was speedily recommitted; but early in January a substitute was reported, with the threat omitted. What Mr. Sherman, however, could not force the Senate and his Committee to recognize officially, he did his best to promulgate and strengthen personally, and in a speech of some two hours' length in the Senate, on the 27th of February, 1868, he threw his whole weight into an argument in favor of paying the bonds in greenbacks. As a specimen of his language, we quote the following from a report of this speech in the *Congressional Globe* for 1867-8, pp. 180-189: "I say that equity and justice are amply satisfied if we redeem the bonds at the end of five years in the same kind of money, of the same intrinsic value, as it bore at the time they were issued." He then proposed to offer the holders of the Five-Twenty bonds his new Five per cents, and said (p. 184): "We will give each of you at your option this form of security in exchange for that which you now have: if you accept this offer by the 1st of November next, we will give you certain exemptions; if not, you stand upon your existing right, and all questions affecting it shall be postponed until the next session of Congress." Near the close of this same speech he further said: "The bill does not provide for a rejection of this offer; but, I repeat, if it is rejected, I will not hesitate to vote to redeem maturing bonds in the currency in existence when they were issued and with which they were purchased."

This foolish and unwarranted attack upon the credit and good faith of the country—we say “unwarranted” because Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Edmunds, and others in the course of the debate showed that, although Mr. Sherman was chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, he had no clear idea or correct knowledge of the terms on which the Five-Twenties were issued and disposed of; and “foolish” because, as we shall show, Mr. Sherman had subsequently to eat his own words publicly—created profound astonishment and disgust throughout the country. Gold, which early in December was 133, rose on the reporting of Mr. Sherman’s bill to 137, and in February, on the delivery of his speech, to 144, and did not again recede from the point at which the rise commenced in December, 1867, until nearly a year afterwards, or until November, 1868. The flow of bonds for investment to Europe was also arrested; and a return movement—especially from Germany—seemed likely to take place to such an extent that serious financial disturbances were anticipated.

Looking over the files of some of the leading Republican papers of that time, we find that the New York *Evening Post* expressed itself as follows:

“We may safely assert that no action yet taken by any politician, either Democratic or Republican, has inflicted such serious injury upon the credit of the United States, or rendered more certain and necessary a reorganization of political parties, as soon as the exigencies of reconstruction shall render such changes possible.”

The New York *Times* of January 30, 1868, commenting on the first report, used this language:

“The moment it became known that the Committee intended to present such a report, there was a general apprehension in financial circles that it would depress the value of Government securities. It was a day of general rejoicing among the bears.”

Mr. Chittenden, who was the Registrar of the Treasury at the time the Five-Twenties were issued, under the signature of “Adirondack,” also expressed himself, in respect to Mr. Sherman’s report, in the New York *Times* as follows: “If any body but the Senate Finance Committee had grouped together such a mass of wrong assertions, so ingeniously deceptive, and, withal, by the assumption of these false premises, putting such a powerful argument into the mouths of repudiators, I should be warranted in characterizing it as a wicked attempt to mislead the country by the statement of facts known to be untrue.” So much for Mr. Sherman’s integrity, statesmanship, and financial sagacity, at a time when the exigencies of the country demanded the best exertions of all true men to save her from the shame, the humiliation, and the disgrace of repudiating the debt she incurred in defending her own life, and in protecting the liberties of her children.

The current of public sentiment, however, soon changed. The Chicago Convention struck a deadly blow at all this specious and disguised repudiation, and the success of the Republican party in November, 1868, sealed the fate of “Pendletonianism.” This made another somersault on the part of the honorable Senator necessary, and, eight days after Congress assembled again, that is, December 16, 1868, he made haste to report from the Finance Committee the following resolution:

“Resolved by the Senate, etc.

“That neither public policy, nor the good faith of the nation, will allow the redemption of the Five-Twenty bonds until the United States shall perform its primary duty of paying its notes in coin, or making them equivalent thereto; and that measures should be adopted by Congress to secure the resumption of specie payments at as early a day as practicable.”

It is interesting to observe that, the same day, Senator Morton (who had joined Mr. Sherman on the greenback escapade) made an elaborate speech in favor of an early resumption of specie payments. It is still more interesting to consider, in honorable contrast with the career of these two men, the course of Senator Fessenden. During the debate on Sherman’s Funding Bill, Mr. Fessenden said:

“I have no doubt we are bound by every principle of honor, as expressed upon the paper, and as connected with the contemporaneous exposition of the thing itself, to pay the principal of every bond we have issued in coin. That is my judgment, and I do not think I shall change it; and so positive am I that that was the understanding of everybody in the community, that,

even if there were a narrow chance of escape by a technical construction of the paper itself, I should deem myself dishonored as a member of this body if I should take the first step in any direction that would look like paying or attempting to pay our obligations of that description in paper.”—*Globe*, July 13, 1865, p. 3994.

On the 27th of February, just one year from the day that Mr. Sherman made his repudiation speech, he voted for Schenck’s bill to strengthen public credit—which expressly declared that the Five-Twenty bonds were payable, principal and interest, in coin.

Again, Mr. Sherman’s recent record in respect to the tariff is not of a character which savors of either honesty or statesmanship, or one in respect to which either he or his friends have reason to be proud. Thus, on the assembling of the present Congress, in March last, the House passed resolutions removing the duties from salt and coal by a two-thirds vote. The resolutions went to the Senate, and were so simple and unmistakable in phraseology and meaning, and referred to subjects so familiar, that it would seem as if there could be no objection to submitting them at once to consideration and a vote. But this would not suit Senator Sherman. He knew that there was soon to be a senatorial election in Ohio, and that, if he permitted these resolutions to come to a vote, he would be compelled to show his hand one way or the other, and so run the risk of incurring the opposition of either the revenue reformers or the protectionists. He therefore determined to attempt to ride two horses, and he succeeded as well as could be expected; for the resolutions were referred, on his motion, to the Finance Committee. He refused, although earnestly pressed by Senator Trumbull and others, to report them back; and in their place introduced resolutions authorizing the Senate Committee to sit during the recess, and consider the subject. The pettifogging character of the whole proceeding becomes evident when it is considered that the Senate Committee had a right to consider and enquire at any time, without specific authorization—and, in fact, is instituted for this specific purpose; that the subjects to be enquired about have been considered again and again by the Committee; that there is on file in the committee-room all the information necessary for the formation of an opinion; and, finally, that the Committee, in spite of its authorization, did not meet until a few days before the present session of Congress, never had a quorum present, and, as was expected, did nothing, and had nothing ready on the reassembling of the Senate. As a trick for appearing to do something, and yet ensuring that nothing should be done, it was ungenerous, but almost too transparent, and reminds one not a little of the old man in the “Nonsense Verses,”

“Who said, how  
Shall I flee from this terrible cow?  
I will sit on this stile, and continue to smile,  
And soften the heart of this cow.”

How much Senator Sherman needs to enquire into the subject of finance may be also inferred from an assertion made by him in a speech in Ohio, in the fall of 1870, “that he was unable to recognize any difference between a tariff for revenue and a tariff for protection”; although, as Ex-Commissioner Wells remarked in his *North American Review* article, “the Senator at that very time could not name an article in the tariff, on which the duties had been levied mainly with a view to protection, in respect to which there had not been not only a resulting loss to the Treasury, but a heavy burden of taxation entailed upon the people.” And again, in addressing the Chamber of Commerce in Cincinnati, after the adjournment of Congress last spring, he remarked that undoubtedly the tariff needed some amendment, and that he proposed during the summer and fall to give the subject consideration; which bit of wisdom, coming from the chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, would be equivalent to a schoolmaster saying to his patrons that, inasmuch as they had selected him to teach their children to read and write, he would begin to take into consideration the expediency of learning to read and write himself.

In the recent debate in the Senate on Mr. Trumbull’s resolution for a committee of investigation, we also find Senator Sherman just where every man that has watched his political career

would expect to find him, namely, superserviceable in preventing anything from being done which does not conform to the narrowest rule of party expediency; and practising a discourtesy of which no other Senator was guilty, in reviving an old and wholly obsolete rule, not heard of in debate for years, to prevent Mr. Trumbull from speaking, and so hinder the truth in respect to corruption from coming before the public. In short, an examination of his public career shows him to be nothing more nor less than one of those politicians whose elevation to high office has for the last quarter of a century tended to debase the whole tone of American politics. We trust, therefore, that, for the sake of the Republican party, and for the interests of financial reform, civil-service reform, and general progress, the rumor that the Ohio Legislature will relegate Mr. Sherman to private life, and select from out of the numerous other candidates some man of greater capacity to represent them in the Senate, may not be unfounded.

### POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

WASHINGTON, December 21, 1871.

THE impressions received upon revisiting Washington, after an absence of seven months, most of which were spent abroad, may, perhaps, prove interesting to readers of the *Nation*. The Administration party has unquestionably gained strength during the summer, both by reason of positive achievement and the abandonment of schemes of aggression in the West Indies. The Alabama Treaty has justly brought great credit upon the men who negotiated it, and the promise given by the President to inaugurate a reform of the civil service will further increase public confidence. Moreover, as the time for holding the National Republican Convention has approached, there has been a visible tightening of the bonds of party. I could mention several members of Congress from the West who were ready to play the part of rebellious captains last spring, and who are now dutifully serving in the ranks. There are, however, a few men, who best represent the intellect, the culture, and the liberalism of the Republican party, who are exceedingly distrustful of professions of desire for reform coming from a President who dismissed Mr. D. A. Wells, who forced ex-Secretary Cox from the Cabinet, who appointed Sickles Minister to Spain, and who used the power of Federal patronage against Carl Schurz and Gratz Brown in Missouri. I myself, however, think that, notwithstanding his affiliations with the Morton and Cameron school of politicians, the President is at present sincere in his expressed intention to carry out the plans of the civil-service Commissioners as regards future appointments to office. In this he shows political sagacity, for the public offices are now filled with men who can be depended upon to work for his renomination, while by his adoption of the recommendations of the Commissioners he bids high for the support of civil-service reformers. Promises to make no appointments to office from improper motives after the first of January will not satisfy thorough-going reformers, to be sure; but the influence of even such promises upon the country will be considerable. It is very clear that the Administration party intend to lighten their ship during her passage through the maelstrom of the Presidential election by throwing over the deck-load of abuses. "I should not be surprised," said a leader of reform in the Senate to me, "to see Grant become a revenue reformer before spring."

The truth about Grant's character I believe to be this: he likes the fun of being President, and it matters little to one whose knowledge of the principles of government is crude, and whose opinions are consequently ill-defined and loosely held, whether there is a protective or a free-trade tariff; whether Sickles is Minister to Spain or some one else, so long as Grant inhabits the White House and has its stables well filled. Such a man cannot and does not satisfy the American people; but when, dissatisfied, we try to find a better man, we meet with great difficulties. As Mr. Montgomery Blair has well said, there is a compress at work keeping Grant in the Presidential chair. It is, of course, the Democratic party. I believe it to be the conviction of all practical politicians in Washington that Grant is certain of his renomination and of his re-election, in the event of a Democratic nomination, no matter how good a one. But I am equally persuaded that all this confidence would speedily vanish should the Democrats adopt the Missouri policy. The question of the hour is, Will they do it? I came to Washington to get light upon this question, and I find the feeling among the wisest of the Democratic leaders to be that it is possible that their party may consent to die, provided some sort of resurrection and a future life is guaranteed. In other words, they say: We may consent to form an alliance with liberal Republicans, but we will not agree to stand aside and allow

them to do as they please without consulting us. There is another set of Democratic politicians, who are well represented by the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, who, being "war-horses," talk about nailing the Democratic banner to the mast, and who discountenance any alliance with Republicans as necessarily involving a surrender of what they are pleased to call their principles. This folly is, I believe, sufficiently luminous to be seen of all men. While professing to stand up for their own opinions, they are, in reality, refusing to adopt the only possible plan of action by which their triumph can be made even probable. There is wisdom enough still in the Democratic party to secure the prevalence of a policy of alliance, provided there are allies to be had. The Missouri Republicans, who elected Gratz Brown against the power of the Administration, still control the politics of the State, and are understood to be ready and anxious for an alliance. The Illinois Republicans are not Grant men, and prefer and would vote in the Republican National Convention for any other candidate who might show sufficient strength to be considered a rival of Grant. And many of them would leave the party, I am convinced, if the Missouri policy should be adopted by the Democrats. In Ohio there is also much angry dislike of Grant; and I doubt whether the State could be depended on to go for him, should his opponent be Gratz Brown, Senator Trumbull, or Judge Davis. In Wisconsin, the Republicans are even more rebellious. I am informed there is clearly plenty of material for a new political combination, but there is a sad want of leaders. The Missouri men alone have burnt their ships. From what I see and hear, the conviction is forced upon me that there will be no lead given by men like Trumbull voluntarily. They may be forced by the Administration party into opposition, but they will go reluctantly and timidly.

If we are to have a new party, it will grow out of the debates in Congress this winter. Although, at this moment, nothing of importance separates the Liberal Republicans and Anti-Bourbon Democrats, and, while I have heard men representing both say to each other, "It would not take us long to write a platform upon which we both could stand," still the bonds of party remain. And upon the party-standing of Congressmen their renominations depend. As things are now, say they, we are sure of our future, but where should we be if new combinations come about? Men in Congress of the opposite parties have got to get used to each other's society, to go through the letters often in company, to confer with each other in caucuses against a common enemy. What question is likely to arise that can force reluctant members into each other's arms? There is but one, viz.: the question of free-trade *versus* protection. If this is vigorously pressed, Kelley and Randall will go through letters together, and Trumbull and Thurman will become allies. The Republicans of the West and the Democrats of the East will be found acting in concert. Grant must take sides, and no commission can be formed to bridge over the torrent of invectives which Kelley and Maynard are likely to pour upon Burchard and Finkelburg. Revenue reformers may prove strong enough to persuade the facile Grant to have no opinion of his own, and to know only that of the people; but I doubt it. The protectionists are powerful in the Senate, and the States of Pennsylvania and Michigan are Grant States. Some compromise is sure to be offered by the Administration, but it will satisfy neither side.

### COMMUNIST MANNERS.

PARIS, December 8, 1871.

JUSTICE, says Horace, often comes slowly "*pode claudo*." It is a great pity. The executions which took place in Paris during the terrible week when our soldiers took the capital street by street, by the light of the monuments set on fire, filled every heart with awe, but did not awaken any feeling of shame or remorse. The policy afterwards adopted in sentencing the Communists has been just exposed to much criticism. The responsible leaders of the sedition, the members of the Commune, have not been treated with sufficient severity, while thousands of unfortunate workmen, who were led by ignorance, folly, and misery into the ranks of the Commune, have been condemned to transportation; while M. Ranc, a member of the Commune, is allowed to go free, and is even a member of the Municipal Council of Paris, many innocent men, taken among the Communists, are still awaiting sentence in the prisons of Versailles and on the hulks of Brest. There ought to be morality in punishment, otherwise punishment loses all its social value. We do not punish men for the wicked pleasure of seeing them suffer, but in order that the multitude may see a relation between crime and chastisement. If the relation is lost—if there is no measure between guilt and punishment, the minds of the people only become more confused. Hundreds of young radicals are encouraged by the leniency shown towards M. Ranc and others. It would have been easy for the

Council of War to condemn all the members of the Commune on some particular point—let us say, for instance, for what the military court calls *embouchage*, that is, for enticing the soldiers of the regular army to abandon their ranks and to serve under another flag. After the 10th of March, the Commune made a proclamation, in which high pay was offered to all the soldiers forgotten and abandoned in Paris. This was clearly a case of *embouchage*. And the punishment of this crime in the French law is death. It would have been easy to commute a sentence rendered against every member of the Commune, according to the conduct of each individual member.

So far, only two members of the Commune have been condemned to death—Ferré, the assassin of the hostages, and Rossel, the General of the Commune for a few weeks. Even the Reds have not attempted to defend the memory of Ferré, but the radical papers are attempting to throw a sort of halo around Rossel—a young, intelligent officer of the Engineers, who professed that he espoused the cause of the Commune, moved by a patriotic rage. He tried, during the siege of Metz, to excite a military conspiracy against Bazaine, but found no support among his comrades; General Changarnier, to whom he offered the command of the army, spoke to him as a father does to an angry child, and dismissed him with a few kind words. After the capitulation he escaped, and offered his services to Gambetta. It is difficult to understand why, being so furious against the Prussians and so anxious to fight, he allowed himself to spend a few months in the camps of Nevers, where he was almost lost. Gambetta would undoubtedly have given him more active service if he had insisted upon it. We find him afterwards in Paris as a general of the Commune, fighting against his friends and comrades. He attempted to enforce some order in the ranks of the Communists; he had one poor fellow shot under his own eyes who refused to fight against the Versailles. His orders were of the most stringent, even of the most cruel character. Every effort was made after his condemnation to obtain his pardon; but it was impossible to pardon him. The French army would have felt insulted if he had been. After all, a soldier must understand that, if he deserts his flag, he has no mercy to expect. Rossel employed the last days of his life in writing various letters to his friends and relatives. There is a radical paper called the *Constitution* which calls these pages "the testament of an elect—a sublime leaf of the eternal bible written by the race of Adam with its own blood." Gambetta's paper, the *French Republic*, speaks of Rossel as of a martyr in a holy cause. The Republicans do not yet understand that they lose all chance of converting the French people to their ideas so long as they allow themselves to be considered as systematic revolutionists.

The Communists who publish a paper in London called the *Qui Vive?* do all they can to keep the French bourgeoisie in a state of mortal terror. I wonder if the equivalent of Vermesch, the editor of the *Qui Vive?* could be found in England or America? He is a type which can only be found in the Paris boulevard—a man still young, well educated, without any political convictions, fond of pleasure, who began his career by writing frivolous articles in the *Figaro* about the scandals of the day, the last duel, the last piece of Alexander Dumas, junior, the demi-monde, etc., spending his evening at the theatre and his nights at the Café Anglais or the gambling-table. When the siege of Paris began, frivolity ceased to be the order of the day. Vermesch adopted the republican tone of austerity; his only object was to write a paper which should bring as much money as possible. When the Commune triumphed, he published the *Père Duchêne*, which was so successful among the populace that Vermesch had, I hear, a net profit of a thousand francs a day. The *Père Duchêne* was a servile imitation of a paper published under the same name during the Terror, written in the coarsest and the foulest language, with an obscene oath in almost every line. I have several copies before me; even the type of the old revolutionary paper was imitated, and the ideal Republic, with the Phrygian cap and the *niveau* of equality in hand, was reproduced at the head of it. In these numbers Vermesch recommends the murder of the hostages, the burning of the monuments, the pillage of the houses of all noted royalists, etc. As soon as the Commune was in danger, Vermesch fled, and now he publishes the *Qui Vive?* for the Communists of Leicester Square. He informs the French bourgeoisie that the Commune was too tender, too generous, but that the next revolution will be unmerciful. "We will," says he, "cut off all your heads, even if they be covered with white hair." This is another extract: "We have been merciful to these frightened rascals. We will be so no more. Between them and us there will be an eternal war; speak no more of contempt, speak no more of prisons—death! O slaughtering heroes! the time will soon come when you will be slaughtered! There will be no more question then of burning these *bicoques*" (these *bicoques*, which means good-for-nothing houses, are the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Ville, etc.) "or of shooting in an obscure corner a few abject spies, a few ignoble Jesuits. Oh no! then, bourgeoisie, you will die! Then we will evoke Marat, whose eye follows us in the dark: for thou alone, Marat, wast right:

"Pour que le peuple touche  
A ce port qui s'enfuit toujours,  
Il nous faut un grand jour la justice farouche,  
Sans haines comme sans amours,  
Dont l'effrayante voix, plus haut que la tempête,  
Parle dans sa sincérité,  
Et dont la main tranquille au ciel lève la tête  
De Prudhomme décapité!"

Prudhomme is the type of the French middle class, created by Henri Monnier in his curious "Signes Populaires"; it is a type as well known as that of John Bull in England. Prudhomme is a pompous, stupid fellow, fond of fine phrases, always bent on "giving a lesson" to the men in power, but very timid in revolutionary times. He is the man to whom his comrades of the National Guard offer a sword of honor, and who makes the answer, now become proverbial: "This sword is the finest day of my life; I will always keep it, comrades, and always use it to protect the laws, and, if need be, to attack them."

You see what fate the *Père Duchêne* promised to our Parisian bourgeoisie, though it was, to a certain extent, by its folly and weakness an accomplice of the Commune. If I have cited these few verses, it was to show to you that Vermesch is a poet, and not quite without merit. He has published several poems in which there is real talent; and this is just what I beg you to notice. Vermesch and the men of his class are not ignorant fanatics, nor sectarians, they are cold-blooded charlatans; they serve one cause just as they would another. Is there in the whole American Republic a single republican of this type, a man who tells the people to kill the rich, to burn their houses, to confiscate their property? In France, unfortunately, Vermesch is only one of a numerous class who, under the name of the Republic, are merely egotist leaders of a social war. There is no marked limit between Vermesch and Ranc, once a member of the commune. Ranc is the friend and associate of Gambetta; Gambetta was the colleague of some of M. Thiers's actual ministers; and thus it is that the Republican party is actually a kind of monster, with M. Thiers for its monarchical head, and the long, enormously broad tail of communalist socialism. Who can wonder if, as a nation, France sees this monster with dread, and almost with horror? "Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne." Most eyes are only fixed on this awful tail; all the life of the body seems to have gone to it and to its horrid excrescences—men like Ferré, like Vermesch, like that other man, Maroteau, who has a kind of morbid genius, and wrote one of the most extraordinary papers published under the Commune; he is only twenty years old, and has been condemned to death, but will probably be allowed to die from consumption, as he is very ill in prison. It is to me a problem how men like Maroteau and Vermesch can take their pens and write on virgin paper the horrible lines they have written. The demon of vanity, I suppose, is in them; they must, they will attract the world's notice; they would rather die the death of a criminal than die ignored. Their life is a long orgie; they are morally drunken; they are maniacs of revolution. Those among you in America who wish success to the French republic, ought to remember that the old Latin countries have to deal with men and with ideas which you have hardly any knowledge of. The only men in France who would be good citizens under a republic are those who desire for the present a constitutional monarchy.

## Notes.

THE editors of the *American Naturalist* announce that, with the commencement of their new volume, they will make the department of microscopy a special feature of the magazine, placing it under the charge of Dr. R. H. Ward, of Troy, and making it a medium of communication for investigators, teachers, and instrument-makers. The December number already gives some idea of what this department will be, and has besides a very varied table of contents—the beginning of a scientific account of the Mammoth Cave and its inhabitants, a paper on the long-crested jay, and another on a singing-mouse from Florida. This last merits the attention of musically-disposed readers, who will here find (perhaps for the first time) a notation of the melodies of this species of songsters. The writer states that on one occasion his little *prima donna* sang for nine minutes together without pause or cessation.

—One who signs himself "Not a Public-spirited Philadelphian, but a Nervous New Englander," after paying a deserved compliment to the modesty of Philadelphians, and another to the well-known collections of birds and of crania in the museum of their Academy of Natural Sciences, writes us as follows: "The final fact, to which the foregoing is only preparatory (by way of getting the good-will of the audience), may imply a lack of self-esteem. This matchless collection is in a building totally inadequate in

size, and, what is worse, which is without any pretensions to being fire-proof. And yet the appeal for funds to erect a commodious and fire-proof building meets with so feeble a response that the mathematical probabilities are very great that fire will consume the whole before a fit building is provided for it." We should say that the friends of the University of Pennsylvania might do worse than assist in overcoming this indifference.

—We apprehend that there can be no difference of opinion as to the propriety of devoting the surplus of the indemnity paid us by China a dozen years ago—which no Administration has been disposed to pocket, and which the Chinese Government declines to take back—to found an American college in China. Indeed, had there been time in this eventful period to consider what disposition should be made of the \$400,000, we might already have seen it applied to this useful purpose, according to the original suggestion of Dr. S. Wells Williams, the well-known author of the "Middle Kingdom." Mr. W. P. Jones, late U. S. Consul in China, who is now seeking to revive the project, states, from his experience and observations for six years at Macao, Amoy, and Canton, that "the prejudice to our political and commercial relations with the Chinese suffered for the want of suitable interpreters, works incalculable mischief and injury both to themselves and to us. . . . He has firm faith in the slow but steady progress of China in the adoption of American and European inventions and ideas, and feels confident that the proposed institution would effect the most beneficial results, and prove one of the wisest acts of diplomacy this government can perform."

—Our notice, last week, of the late Mr. Tuckerman was necessarily more brief than we could have wished to make it, and we need offer no excuse for further remarks on an American man of letters who, without being prominent, was well known for more years than the present generation of readers can remember. He received his education and attained his majority at a period in our literary history when the United States could hardly afford a man such education and culture in letters as should prepare him for any very good literary work, unless he possessed talent of a high order, or had in him native force of genius. High talent, however, or force of genius Mr. Tuckerman had not; and though his earlier productions gave him a name which, twenty-five years ago, was not inconsiderable among his contemporaries, it is, like many other American literary names once bright, now faded. This decadence, however, though of necessity, and right, and rather to be a little sighed over than really regretted, should not prevent our remembering the obligations with which we of to-day are bound to those American workers in literature of whom Mr. Tuckerman was one; who without too much encouragement from their surroundings—and with a sort of encouragement, when they got any, that perhaps was less stimulative than gratifying—promoted, so far as they could, the interest of art and of elegant letters in this country. It is because they smoothed the road somewhat that we walk with a more assured step, if we do so walk, as compared with them. They, at all events, made some of our mistakes for us, and saved us the need of making them. That he helped to promote the interest of literature and art among his countrymen constitutes, we suppose, Mr. Tuckerman's principal claim to remembrance; or, if this claim be postponed to any other, it may probably come next to that founded upon his industrious collecting of historical, biographical, and literary facts in various fields—as, for instance, when he compiled a somewhat curious book made up of the judgments passed upon this country by European tourists, or when he got together the biographical details for his work on American painting. It is now not much worth while, and indeed for some years has not been worth while, to point out that Mr. Tuckerman's other claims to remembrance are but slight. His poetry, elaborated with care, does not call for other remark than that it was like much of the verse made by men of fair ability and literary habits. His criticism of pictures and artists is somewhat voluminous; but only such of it is received with assent by competent judges of art as has been received by everybody from other sources, and has been long established; for much more than this he is not looked to, and less than this is not often found in him. As to his literary criticisms, the case with them is not far different. Often they have a great deal of such correctness as may be had when one repeats echo-like, but with diminished distinctness of articulation, what has long been said; often they attain correctness by leaving discrimination unattempted and seeking the safety of general terms, to the disregarding of anything like definiteness; and often they are mistaken. But whether they are wrong or whether they are right, a vapidness that makes it of not much consequence whether they are wrong or right is their characteristic quality. They seem to give evidence of a kind disposition, of rather sluggish sympathies and susceptibilities, of small acumen, of small comprehensiveness of thought or strength of reasoning, of that sincere fondness for books and bookishness which, as we have remarked above, to have felt and to have acted upon was, at one period in

our history, to have done a public service of some importance. When thinking of the exaggerated praises that we find set down against the names of some of our earlier writers, and the too much distinction which the pursuit of literature seems to have conferred in their time, we are apt to forget that this happened only in certain circles, and that there were other circles vastly more numerous and vastly larger where the reward of much devotion to literature was mainly contempt and wonderment. The exaggerated reputations at which we smile could only have been obtained in a community which as a whole held literary pursuits not in exaggerated esteem, but in little or none. And Doctor Griswold's laudations are not so good evidence that literary fame was eagerly bestowed in the America of his day as that it was little sought or cared for at all. Next to nobody troubled himself with the notion that fame or anything else was in that way to be got. Something Mr. Tuckerman did to bring this state of things to an end.

—The proceedings of the American Oriental Society at New Haven in October appear in the usual abstract for the information of the public, and embrace thirteen communications of a high character, by Professors Hadley and Whitney, President Woolsey, Mr. Addison Van Name, a number of missionaries, and others. Mr. Ezra Abbot's paper is a criticism of Archbishop Trench's distinction (laid down in his "Synonyms of the New Testament") between *αἰτέω* and *ἐρωτάω*, and arrives at the conclusion, in which it will be safe to rest, that the former word "is generally to ask for something which one wishes to receive, something to be given or granted, rarely for something to be done"; the latter word, on the contrary, "is generally to request or beseech a person to do something, rarely to give something." This distinction is established by the construction which follows these verbs—in the one case an accusative of the object asked for; in the other, an infinitive or a subjunctive clause. The Rev. J. T. Gracey describes a commentary on the Bible, by Syud Ahmed Khan, printed by the author in two volumes in 1862 and 1865, at his private press in Ghazepore and Allyghur, India. The text, in double columns, is in Hindustani and English; and the work is a liberal recognition of what is common in Christian and Mohammedan scripture and belief. The following extract is from "Remarks on the Relation of the Chinese and Mongolian Languages," by Rev. John T. Gulick:

"The conception which determined the classification of the points of the compass was originally the same in Chinese, Tibetan, and Mongolian, although in modern Chinese its primitive form has been greatly modified and obscured. In these languages the south is always mentioned before the north, and, in ancient Chinese and Mongolian, the west before the east. We further find, in Mongolian, that the word *south* means 'in front,' for *north*, 'behind,' for *west*, 'to the right,' for *east*, 'to the left.' In the other languages, some of the points are named in the same way. The character which in Chinese stands for *north* is composed of two men turned back to back, and originally meant 'to turn the back upon' or 'behind.' In the compass, the index is placed upon the south point of the needle. In at least one passage of the ancient classics, Mr. Gulick had found the word *right* used for 'west.' In languages of other families, the points of the compass are sometimes named upon the same principle, but another point is usually assumed to be in front. Thus, in Hebrew, the words *before*, *behind*, *right*, and *left* are used, but the east is in front. With us, in giving the points of the compass in their order, the north is conceived to be faced. The Hawaiians front toward the west, and call *north* 'right' and *south* 'left.'"

—A good children's book—a very much better one than its external appearance indicates, for it has a cheap look—is Mr. Richard Meade Bache's "American Wonderland," of which we accidentally omitted to make notice last week. Mr. Bache had the good thought to go to the stores of legends which may be found scattered through the works that treat of our Aborigines, and thence he has brought many stories which he has done into English, and which almost all readers, no matter how well versed in folk-lore, will find of a fresh and pleasant taste. He promises more of them, and is to have the assistance of Mr. D. G. Brinton, the well-known author of "The Myths of the New World." We should think—considering the conservatism of children, and the somewhat conventionalized character of the wonderland with which, for some generations now, the children have been familiar—that it might be advisable to prefix to the next edition of this "American Wonderland," or the next volume of similar legends, a few words that would make the youthful reader a little more at home in the unaccustomed scene, by giving him some information as to the customs and beliefs of the Indians. It would not, for instance, destroy the charm of such a legend as "The Road to Paradise," if the boy were told of the Indian's custom of burying with his dead the implements of the chase which are to be of use to him in the happy hunting-grounds. And a vocabulary of the strange Indian words, so accented as to show the right pronunciation, would be of service, as ignorance on this point detracts so much from the pleasure of reading about fictitious persons and places. We may remark here, in view of the new edition which we suppose to be certain to come, that a story like that of "Mishosha" would be the better of a little pruning at the beginning, where there is matter that might as well have been omitted. The author allows himself some

liberties with his originals, as it is not primarily his intention to show precisely what Indian legends are; he is making a story-book for children, and not a work for scholars, and his omissions and additions, and omissions to omit, must be tried by other tests than scholars could apply. One story, very like Hans Andersen in incidents, and, perhaps, made still more like him by direct imitation of his manner on the part of the compiler, we had intended to quote, it is so good. "The Boy Who Snared the Sun" is the name of it. But it is not particularly characteristic of the volume, which is of a fresh flavor, and our space admonishes us to refer the reader to the book itself, where, by the bye—we must make room to say—he will find, amid much else that is good, the striking effect of the apparition of *two* associated ghosts, bringing home to the beholders, as one ghost cannot, the fact of other worlds, other interests, and other laws. The spectacle of the social communion, to call it so, between the two, so separated as they are from human fellowship, and in the midst of human beings all around them, is very effective upon the imagination.

—Mr. Thomas Hughes has written a letter to the *London Daily News* in which he states that the Anglo-American Association, having no space large enough to store the material that is coming in or promised by British authors, publishers, and learned societies, in response to the committee's appeal for books for the Chicago Free Library, application has been made to the Crystal Palace Company, and the board of directors of that company have willingly given the necessary space. Mr. Hughes suggests that, as the Queen has set the good example of giving her autograph on the title-page of her books, all authors will do well to do the same. And further, as the library will contain books old and new in all departments of literature, donations in money will be employed in the purchase of rare books not otherwise obtainable, and in payment of the necessary expenses. Such donations may be forwarded to Sir John Rose (of Norton, Rose & Co., No. 1 Bartholomew Lane, E. C.), who has kindly consented to act as treasurer. The honorary secretaries, Messrs. A. H. Burgess and F. W. Chesson, will answer any enquiries addressed to them at No. 1 Adam Street, Adelphi. We find elsewhere that the Early English Text Society has promised a complete set of its publications.

—We are now in possession of enough particulars of the fire at Warwick Castle to make it possible to judge pretty accurately how great our losses are by that calamity. The fire was discovered at about one o'clock on Sunday morning, December 3, by one of the servants, who roused two of the footmen. The alarm-bell was rung, and messengers went off for help to Leamington, Coventry, and Kenilworth. Engines and firemen were soon on the spot, but the whole of the east wing was destroyed before they arrived. Serious as the destruction proved, it might have been complete had it not been for the courage and presence-of-mind of William Everton, one of the footmen. Preparations were being made at the castle for the Christmas hunting-party, and the Earl had sent down 50,000 cartridges, which were stored in the gun-room. The whole of this dangerous material was carried out of the house by this brave fellow, and put where it could not be reached by the flames. Fortunately for the public, the fire began in the east wing in the private apartments of the family; and before the flames had reached the great hall, which separated these from the state apartments, all the pictures, furniture, and tapestries which they contained had been removed out of danger. The celebrated baronial hall, sixty feet long by forty feet wide, and twenty-six feet high, would seem to have been entirely destroyed. Nothing but charred wood and ashes remains of the old oak panelling with which the walls were covered, or of the fine roof constructed in 1851, from the designs of Mr. Poynter. The wainscot was hung with antlers of deer, and with ancient armor, valuable either from its workmanship or from its having belonged to famous people. Indeed, to perhaps the majority of those who visited Warwick Castle, the old arms and armor were the chief attraction. The originals from which Colonel Colt borrowed his "invention" of the revolver, and from which the inventors of the mitrailleuse and the breech-loaders borrowed theirs, were the objects of greater interest to many than were the noble roof, the carved wainscot, gleaming with the mirror-like polish of many years, the floor of Venice marble, or the lovely view from the deep bay-window and its balcony. We are led to suppose that this most interesting and valuable collection shared the fate of the room that held it, but it is possible it may have been saved, for we read that there was time to save a portion of the contents of the new dining-room, which, we believe, lay between the great hall and the rooms in which the fire started. As for the state apartments—the red drawing-room, the gilt drawing-room, the cedar drawing-room, the state bedroom, and the state dressing-room—they were saved, as it would appear, by the thickness of the stone wall that separated the red drawing-room, the first of the suite, from the great hall. When it was perceived that the destruction of the great hall could not be stayed, and when the flames were

already seen through the chinks of the thick oaken doors that separated it from the red room, the people began to carry out of the state apartments everything of value that could be moved. Some of the pictures were set in the panels of the walls, and secured by ornamented beadings or mouldings. These had to be torn or cut out if they were to be saved at all, and it is to be feared that they must have suffered by the operation. The fine tapestry that covered the walls of the state bedroom was torn away from its fastenings, and the bedstead, with its beautiful hangings and coverings, which was once Queen Anne's, and was given to the grandfather of the present Earl by George III., was carried off piecemeal. Some of the furniture was too heavy to be moved, but the marble and mosaic tops of tables were taken off and all the smaller pieces were removed. Much of the furniture in these apartments was of great beauty and rarity, and we can only hope that it has not been irreparably damaged in the saving. The pictures that made the chief glory of Warwick are, as far as we can learn, nearly all unharmed. The Rubenses, Rembrandts, Salvators, Carraccis, the portraits by Zuccherro, Lely, and Kneller were saved, and also the portrait of Henry VIII., once famous as a Holbein, yet, though no longer believed to be one, a fine picture by whomever painted. The famous portrait of Charles I. and his armor-bearer, by Vandyke, is safe, and, though no express mention is made of it, we will hope that the equally famous and, to our thinking, far more beautiful picture by the same master, "The Children of Charles I.," was also rescued.

—To those persons who find Kaulbach as tiresome as we do, with his overmuch academic learning and his overmuch posing and make-believe, and who yet would like to have one of Goethe's famous works with illustrative pictures, we commend the new edition of the "Hermann and Dorothea," with eight photographs by Franz Haufstängel, after pictures by Arthur Freiherr von Ramberg. These are really beautiful pictures, full of sweet, tender, fresh, and unaffected nature, and ought to give pleasure to all who know and love the poem whose qualities they perfectly reflect in being what we have declared them to be. Placed alongside of Kaulbach's illustrations to the same poem, they make that much overrated artist's work seem more theatrical and stiff than ever.

### THE LAST TOURNAMENT.\*

"The Last Tournament" belongs to Mr. Tennyson's series of "Idylls of the King," in which its proper place is just after "Pelleas and Ettarre" and just before the better known idyll called "Guinevere." It is, perhaps, most noticeable not for itself, but as giving increased emphasis to the moral element in the poem of which it forms a part, and bringing into fuller light the author's purpose of giving to the mediæval story still more of moral symbolism than was given to it by Mapes—or whoever it was that first gave a religiously and morally didactic quality to legends originally not so endowed to any great extent, and which, after Mapes's time, in the hands of Sir Thomas Malory and his readers, as well as in later times nearer our own, certainly exercised their charm on the fancy and imagination far more than on the ethical or spiritual part of men's natures.

The story of this latest idyll is not long. Sir Tristram is the hero, being the victor in the last tournament held at Camelot before the discovery of Guinevere's infidelity, and the coming of the train of ills that followed Lancelot's departure across the seas for Benwicke, the war between him and Arthur, the treason of Modred, the great destruction of the knights of the Round Table, and the incoming of the heathen. Arthur and Lancelot riding, one gloomy day of wind and rain, beneath a great wall of winding rock, hear the wail of a child from an eagle's nest high up the crag. Lancelot, climbing, rescues the child, which has about its neck a carcanet of rubies. The Nestling, as the child is called, is given to the Queen, who tries to rear it, but it dies, and she returns the necklace to the King, saying:

"Take thou the jewels of this dead innocence,  
And make them, an thou wilt, a tourney-prize.

Perchance—who knows?—the purest of thy knights  
May win them for the purest of thy maids."

Pure knight or pure maid, however, it is now hard to find in Arthur's court, whence truth, honor, courtesy, chastity, obedience, have long departed, leaving no more than their shadows behind. Everything is tainted, and all things forebode the time of dissolution. The knights are making ready for the day of jousting.

"But on the hither side of that loud morn  
Into the hall staggered, his visage ribbed  
From ear to ear with dog-whip welks, his nose  
Bridge-broken, one eye out, and one hard off,  
And one with shattered fingers dangling lame,

\* "The Last Tournament. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., and J. E. Tilton & Co.

A churl, to whom indignantly the King,  
 'My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil hast  
 Hath drawn his claws athwart thy face? or fiend?  
 Man was it who marred Heaven's image in thee thus?'

"Then, sputtering through the hedge of splintered teeth,  
 Yet strangers to the tongue, and with blunt stump  
 Pitch-blackened sawing the air, said the maimed churl,  
 'He took them and he drove them to his tower—  
 Some hold he was a table knight of thine—  
 A hundred goodly ones—the Red Knight he—  
 Lord, I was tending wine, and the Red Knight  
 Brake in upon me and drove them to his tower;  
 And when I called upon thy name as one  
 That doest right by gentle and by churl,  
 Maimed me and mauled, and would have outright slain,  
 Save that he swore me to a message, saying," etc.

The message is to the effect that the Red Knight has founded a Round Table in the North; that the knights who sit about it are all adulterers, like King Arthur's own, but are truer knights, since they profess to be none other than they are; that his tower, like Arthur's court, is full of harlots, who are, however, not hypocrites; and that Excalibur shall be broken. Upon this, Arthur commands Lancelot to sit as arbitrator of the tournament, while he breaks up the robber's den:

"Thereto Sir Lancelot answered, 'It is well:  
 Yet better if the King abide, and leave  
 The leading of his younger knights to me.'

Then Arthur rose, and Lancelot followed him,  
 And while they stood without the doors, the King  
 Turned to him, saying, 'Is it then so well?'

For, as it seems to him, he sees the foot loiter that is bidden go; he sees the glance that is but "half-loyal to command," "a manner somewhat fallen from reverence," "a manhood ever less and lower." He goes forth, however, and the Red Knight, surprised at an orgie, is slain, and his hold is burned; but in the attack, the young knights whom Arthur has with him to teach them knightly war show bloody ferocity instead of magnanimous valor, massacring men asleep and shrieking women,

"And in the heart of Arthur pain was lord."

for now with each new event the air grows fuller of dreary portent.

Lancelot, meantime, sits umpire at the last tournament—which is

"By these in earnest, those in mockery, called  
 The Tournament of the Dead Innocence."

—and he adjudges the prize to Sir Tristram, but not without a momentary wild desire, when he sees Tristram's strength, and remembers how they two had fought, and Sir Tristram had held his own, to descend into the lists himself, and shake

"The burthen off his heart in one full shock  
 With Tristram even to death."

And not without wrath and shame at the cowardice of some of the knights, the lawlessness of others, and the discourtesy of the victor—who will grace no lady as queen of love and beauty, but puts up the rubies, saying,

"Fair damsels—each to him who worships each  
 Sole Queen of Beauty and of Love—behold  
 This day my Queen of Beauty is not here."

With these rude words, riding away, Tristram seeks Isolte, his mistress, King Mark's wife, musing as he goes through the autumn woods, wondering if Isolte knows of his marriage with Isolte of Brittany, and meditating its concealment from her. He finds her at Tintagil, and there a somewhat stormy interview takes place between the two, for Tristram makes some attempts to deceive his mistress as to his marriage, of which, however, she is informed. The scene is, for the most part, sufficiently labored and ineffective—though, certainly, it has not the curious forcelessness of the account, above quoted, of the maimed and mauled swineherd, nor of the description of the Red Knight's extirpation; but it ends with some not expected dramatic power. Tristram, after some reflections on the folly of his vows to Arthur, and on the lightness of vows of love—as to which last he makes a song of a lugubrious sort of lightness, perhaps well adapted to the nature of the sentiment—and after some asseverations of his indifference to his wife, and the ardency of his passion for his mistress, succeeds in soothing Isolte, throws the rubies about her neck, and is embracing her, when,

"Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek,  
 'Mark's way,' said Mark, and clove him through the brain."

The rest of the scene is dreamy—though we do not know that it is incongruously so—and without fire; and there is a touch of surprise when Mark enters to such purpose.

We have said that "The Last Tournament" has the merit of making still more obvious, if that were necessary, Mr. Tennyson's idea of the poem to be fashioned out of the cycle of romance in which, so long ago as in his boyhood, he was working, and which has furnished his mature powers with their principal task. A fair and noble fabric—shattered in consequence of

disloyalty to high ideals, and of the inability of the unpurged eye to recognize their beauty—this would seem to be what Mr. Tennyson, after he had passed the period of "The Lady of Shalott" and "Morte d'Arthur," set himself to show us in the later Arthurian poems—these "Idylls of the King." Hence, perhaps, it is that they are idylls "of the King," and that to Arthur the poet assigns the place of hero, though unquestionably, if we consider the relative poetic value of the various personages created by the makers of the Arthurian poetry, it is to the conception of Lancelot that the first, and by far the first, place must be assigned. It is the king, however, who embodies best Mr. Tennyson's leading thought, which is rather of a moral than poetical quality, though assuredly not devoid of poetry. Another lesson we may suppose the poet to have had in his mind besides this of the ruin that may be wrought by some moral weakness in noble natures, and the ignobleness of low natures—the lesson, namely, that such ruin wrought by companions in the struggle is never a reason for not contending to the end, and never a cause of final and hopeless defeat. Here, by the way, is perhaps the justification of giving, as the true end of the epic, "The Passing of Arthur," with its island valley of Avilion where Arthur's hurts shall be healed, and whence, still living, he is yet to come again, and to fulfil the design once baffled. But, perhaps, if the first of these lessons is well set forth, if we are made to see in his defeats the invincible Arthur, the second lesson we may be considered to have been learned when the first was taught us. Except it be for the inculcation of this second lesson, or for the romantic effect of the incident itself—of the mystic barge, the weeping queens, and the island valley—one would be inclined to think that the idyll called "Guinevere" might be taken as the proper conclusion of the epic into which Mr. Tennyson has wrought the old legends. In that idyll we have the guilt of Guinevere and Lancelot made manifest; the beloved wife and the trusted friend, the lily and rose of chivalry, are proved defiled and cankered, and chivalry the false worship of a false divinity; the fellowship of the Round Table, faith, loyalty, and valor failing, falls apart; the king who has wrought so long to rear the strong fabric of honor, and order, and law amidst the chaos of heathenish rapine and license sees now that the evil times have come that are to make all his labors vain, and, conscious of his betrayal and of the crumbling realm, he summons his remaining knights to a hopeless field, and goes from the queen to his last battle, forgiving her, indeed, as a man, but as a king and the guardian of the people and the state condemning her with the same inexorableness and clear justice with which he will meet the other traitor, Modred, in arms. In "Guinevere," then, the Arthur of this latest rendering of the legendary romance would seem to accomplish his destiny. There the perfect knight, the royal statesman, the warrior of Christ against the heathen, finds knight-hood corrupted in man, chastity gone from woman, the realm rent within by treasonous feuds, and ready to receive its last stroke from the hordes of the pagans without. When he turns from the too late repentant queen at Almesbury, and moves dimly away towards the great battle in the West against those of his own household, Mr. Tennyson's Arthur, as it seems to us, fitly disappears into the darkness of a world too deep in darkness to be illumined by the "pure severity of perfect light" which he would have shed upon it had it been ready for the light. But probably this objection of ours as to the catastrophe of the "Idylls of the King" has its root in our general objection—more or less indefensible or defensible, and which we do not defend here—to the way in which Mr. Tennyson has dealt with the old romances. But whatever inimitable charm these have lost in his hands, the praise belongs to him of having revived for this generation and some generations to come, in a finished and beautiful work, adorned with poetry of his own, and breathing, too, the aroma of old-time poetry and impossible and captivating romance, an assemblage of beautiful and noble characters, the knowledge of whom is a sensible enlargement of the poetical horizon of most readers, and of strictly moral and mental horizons as well.

As for the merit of "The Last Tournament," considered apart from the merit of the poem in its place in the series of idylls, we believe we need say little. Those who have read the others of the series know already the kind of pleasure that may be got from this one; those who have not may doubtless better begin with some of the others, and indeed with the first. Perhaps most readers familiar with the idylls in general may feel themselves, in reading "The Last Tournament," a little tired of what they once very well liked, or never very well liked, as the case may be. But though a work should be by necessity of its nature not perfect, it does not follow that it is not better completed than incomplete, and we think most readers of "The Last Tournament" will agree that the poem helps to complete "The Idylls of the King." No one now will miss seeing that, as the action progresses, all things in Arthur's realm draw onwards towards doom and ruin. Such as saw it before will be too little thankful, perhaps, for Sir Tristram, Sir Dagonet, Mark, and the maimed churl, and the young knights who "sworded" the Red Knight's garrison.

## THE KING OF THE BEGGARS.\*

OF the curious little book named below, written by Robert Goadby, there exist, we believe, but two copies in this country which are accessible to the public—one in the Library of Congress, and the other in the Philadelphia Library. Another short life of Carew, called "The Accomplished Vagabond, or Compleat Mumper," published at Oxford in 1745, is rarer still. The new edition, just published in London, is not an exact reprint of either of these works, but is in various ways changed, and in some respects is the fullest account we have of the eccentric Bampfylde-Moore Carew. The book, whatever it may seem, is not another "Robinson Crusoe," but is, in most of the details, substantially true. The hero was twice transported to Maryland; and his adventures in America, with his descriptions of Philadelphia and other towns, and of the manners and life of the epoch, are interesting to us of the present day.

Bampfylde-Moore Carew, who was born in July, 1693, was the son of a clergyman in Devonshire, and descended from and connected with some of the oldest and most respectable families in England. As a boy he went to school at Tiverton, where he was much addicted to all kinds of sport and exercise, and especially to hunting with a pack of hounds, of which he and his schoolfellows had control. The neighboring farmers and gentlemen having made complaint of the damage their crops had suffered in one of these hunts, four or five of the young fellows, of whom Carew was one, from fear of punishment, joined a band of gypsies whom they met and got merry with. After being once initiated into vagabond life, no persuasion or suffering could induce Carew to leave it until after more than forty years of this existence, when he became worn-out and old, and settled down on a little property that had been left him. Of his schoolfellows who became gypsies with him, some soon returned to their families, while others devoted themselves, either entirely or at intervals, to the life of vagabonds and mendicants. It was a curious taste, and it throws no little light on the state of English society of that period, to find gentlemen, like Lord Weymouth, for instance, loving occasionally to disguise themselves and study the characters of their neighbors and friends by coming to their doors in rags for charity, and looking on each successful imposition as an act of prowess. Carew, by his skill in disguising and counterfeiting, soon acquired a great reputation, and was a welcome guest at many houses where he occasionally threw off his rags and lived for a few days as a gentleman. His family position contributed also to raise him above the common herd of beggars, and he was frequently urged by his acquaintances to see how often he could impose on them and on their friends. Not every one, however, regarded him in this favorable light, and some, either from personal feeling at being imposed on, or from a real hatred of this system of false mendicancy, caused him to be frequently arrested, and twice transported and sold as a slave.

Among the beggars themselves Carew was in high regard from the very successful tricks he had performed, and the numerous cheats he had devised, and when their chief died they elected Carew as their head or king. It seems that the beggars of this time—whether gypsies or not is uncertain—had banded together for the purpose of carrying on an organized system of imposture and deception, and as such submitted themselves to the absolute will of a sovereign whom they had freely elected. The former king—the predecessor of Carew—while on his death-bed, delivered himself of some maxims and advice to his people, put into his mouth of course by Mr. Goadby, which well explain the arts of professional beggars. He urges them, among other things, to observe carefully the persons they are about to attack; to judge as much as possible of their characters, and to tell them those stories which will be most likely to influence their compassionate feelings. The perusal, not only of this address, but of the whole account of the imposture of Carew, would be of service to many of us who are too apt to indulge in indiscriminate charity—a charity which is mostly either excessive good-nature, or a desire to rid one's self of a disagreeable object.

Carew's first visit to America was in consequence of a sentence of the Court of Quarter Sessions at Exeter, which condemned him to be transported to Maryland for seven years. After an eleven weeks' voyage from Falmouth, the vessel cast anchor in Mile's River, in Talbot County, and the captain fired a gun as a signal to the planters that the convicts had arrived, when a notice was immediately posted of the day of sale. The convicts were ordered on deck, a large bowl of punch was made, and the planters eagerly flocked on board. The able-bodied, and especially the mechanics, were quickly bought up, but Carew could find no purchaser. The next day he was taken ashore to be shown about, but while the captain was making merry with certain planters in a tavern, he managed to escape to the woods, with a pocketful of biscuit. He had reckoned without his host, for he met four timbermen, who

stopped him, in hopes of the usual reward of five pounds, and, as he had no pass, conveyed him to the New Town jail. Here he met some old acquaintances, sea-captains from England, who would willingly have bought him out, but he refused to be freed by their generosity, and was redelivered to his captain. His escape only secured him a severe flogging, hard work, and an iron collar riveted around his neck. Again he escaped, and after many adventures in the woods with wild beasts came to a tribe of friendly Indians, of whom he recounts many curious details. After being treated with great hospitality by their chief, who filed off his collar with his own hands, and made him a bosom friend, he got away and reached Newcastle, where he fell in with the Quakers. He was helped on by them to Chester, where Mr. Whitefield was preaching, whom he made one of the victims of his imposition.

With Philadelphia Carew was very much pleased, and his biographer gives a long description of its plan and advantages. Among other things, he says: "Several creeks run into the city out of the two rivers, and there is no city in Holland that is so naturally accommodated with fine and commodious canals as this might easily be. The quay is beautiful, about two hundred feet square, to which a ship of five hundred tons may lay her broadside; and as these surprising advantages have already rendered it one of the best trading towns in the British Empire out of Europe, so in all probability it will continue to increase in commerce, riches, and buildings, till for number and magnificence it will have no equal in America, where the French have not, nor are likely to have, anything like it." Through Burlington, Perth Amboy, and Elizabeth Town Carew proceeded to the then small town of New York, containing about 1,100 houses and 7,000 inhabitants, contrasting strongly in appearance with Philadelphia. "He was surprised at the sight of a great number of gibbets, with blacks hanging upon them; but, upon enquiring, he found the negroes had not long before entered into a conspiracy for burning the whole city; however, the plot being timely discovered, great numbers were executed and hung up to terrify others." "The inhabitants of the Dutch extraction," he says, "make a very considerable part of the town, but most of them speaking English, one may suppose they went pretty much to the great church, especially all those that are or hope to be in offices."

After travelling through Long Island, Carew took a ship at New London for England, and accomplished his threat of getting back to Exeter two months before the captain who took him out, though he narrowly escaped being impressed into the navy when he was within sight of shore. His return was hailed with joy by his quondam friends and patrons, who would hardly believe that he had ever really been transported. He took to his old tricks again, and after a series of adventures in Russia, Sweden, Germany, and France, was sent once more to America, but this time illegally and arbitrarily, being kidnapped by the owner of the vessel which had first carried him, who felt defrauded at the loss of his purchase-money, Carew having escaped before he was sold. No sooner landed, however, than he again ran away, and, after many days' wanderings in the woods, caught a horse that was grazing in a pasture and swam on it over the Delaware. He made his way, often being befriended by the same people as before, to Boston. This city is described at some length by Carew's biographer. A remark about the number of printing-presses and booksellers' shops, with the statement that "at New York there is but one bookseller's shop, and none at all in Virginia, Maryland, Carolina, Barbadoes, or any of the Sugar-Islands," occasions a very naïve note by the latest editor. He gravely states: "It is proper to remark that these and other computations do not apply to the present time." Carew was soon home again from Boston, and the merchant who had sent him off to America was so amused at being again outwitted, that he was the first to head a subscription for him. Carew's impressions of travel, or, perhaps, the mere remarks of his biographer, are no more just than many that have been printed since; but they are interesting as showing what was known and thought of us in England a hundred and fifty years ago. The little book is written in a lively and amusing style, and its perusal will help to pass profitably and pleasantly a leisure hour. As it belongs in a certain sense to the class *Americana*, we recommend it to all collectors of such books, as being more likely to be read and remembered by them than the rest of the contents of that section of their libraries.

## TWO BOOKS ON THE PARIS COMMUNE.\*

MR. LEIGHTON, as he tells us, had, early in June last, been making notes and sketches of the Paris catastrophe, without the least idea what to do with

\* "Paris under the Commune; or, The Seventy-three Days of the Second Siege. With numerous illustrations, sketches taken on the spot, and portraits (from the original photographs). By John Leighton, F.S.A., etc." London: Bradbury, Evans & Co.; New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1871.

"The Rise and Fall of the Paris Commune in 1871; with a full account of the Bombardment, Capture, and Burning of the City. By W. Pembroke Petridge, Editor of 'Harper's Guide-book to Europe and the East,' 'Harper's Phrase-book,' etc." Illustrated with a Map of Paris and Portraits from original photographs. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871.

\* "An Apology for the Life of Bampfylde-Moore Carew." London. 1749. 8vo, pp. 149.

"The Adventures of Bampfylde-Moore Carew, King of the Mendicants." A new and revised edition. London: William Tegg. 1871.

them, when a friend bought a brochure, entitled "Bataille des Sept Jours," and gave it to him with the words, "Voilà le texte de vos croquis." "Hence this volume," which the author likens to a French château to which he has "added a second story and wings." Thus, it is far from being an original narrative of the events it sketches, or a collection of notes penned under momentary impressions. In spite of this, however, it has all the freshness of such a narrative and such notes, owing, probably, to the vivid remembrances of the writer, and to a good use made of the journals and other prints of the time. We have, therefore, no hesitation in recommending it to all those who, not satisfied with the fragmentary information presented to them on the subject in the papers this side of the Atlantic, wish for something like a connected panorama of the strange scenes in Paris under the late Commune, as they might have been observed by an impartial observer not devoid of feeling and humor. And that it offers such a cursory but faithful view of things within the walls of revolted and besieged Paris is the only merit of Mr. Leighton's book; for it is neither a real history of the Commune based on personal knowledge and research, nor even a fragmentary study on the subject, such as might have been executed at the date of the author's writing, with the aid of materials already collected and published. Mr. Leighton makes the reader share with him the impression left on his mind by the fleeting appearances of seventy-three days of crazy commotion, foolish delusions, anxiety, terror, destruction, and bloodshed; but imparts hardly any more knowledge than could have been gathered in the streets at the very time of the occurrences. The notes, mostly taken from journals which he attaches to his diary-like chapters, are of very slight value, often disfigured by mistakes, and so hastily added that they occasionally contradict the text. Nor are the various appendixes—embracing, among other things, a "Chronology of the Commune," and special notices of Rochefort, Gambon, Lullier, Protot, Jourde, Ferré, and Urbain—of any real historical importance. In spite of the "chronology" presented to the reader, the author's own chronology is defective, as may be seen, for instance, from the confusion of dates concerning the operations of the 2d, 3d, and 4th of April. Altogether, Mr. Leighton seems to have had more concern for his illustrations than for his text; and of the former, which are very numerous, for the humorous portion more than for the serious, which we decidedly prefer. The text consists chiefly of light talk in a pleasantly humorous way, of which, however, a kind of polemical wrangling with the men of the Commune constitutes too large a portion. The following is, perhaps, a fair specimen of the latter:

"Ah! you do not only make us tremble and weep, you make us laugh too. What is this miserable parody of universal suffrage? What is this farce of the will of the people being represented by a half-a-dozen electors? . . . What are right and justice to you? Let us reign, let us govern, let us decree, let us triumph. All is contained in that. Rogeard pleases us, so we'll have Rogeard. If the people won't have Rogeard, so much the worse for the people. Beautiful! admirable! But why don't you speak out your mind frankly? There were some honest brigands (*par pari refertur*) in the Roman States who were, perhaps, no better than you are, but at least they made no pretension of being otherwise than lawless, and followed their calling of brigands without hypocrisy. . . . The time of illusions is past; you need not be so careful to keep your masks on; we have seen your faces. We have had the carnival of the Commune, and now Ash-Wednesday is come. You disguised yourselves cunningly, messieurs; you routed out from the old cupboards and corners of history the cast-off revolutionary rags of the men of '93; and, sticking some ornaments of the present fashion upon them—waistcoats à la Commune and hats à la Fédération—you dressed yourselves up in them, and then struck attitudes. People perceived, it is true, that the clothes were made for giants, were too wide for you pigmies; they hung round your figures like collapsed balloons; but you, cunning that you were, you said, 'We have been wasted by persecution.' And when, at the very beginning, some stains of blood were seen upon your old disguises, 'Pay no attention,' said you, 'it is only the red flag we have in our pockets that is sticking out.' . . . Down with your mask, I tell you! Come, false Danton, be Rigault again, and let Sérailler's face come out from behind that Saint-Just mask he has on. You, Napoléon Gaillard, though you are a shoemaker, you are not even a Simon. Drop the Robespierre, Rogeard! Off with the trappings borrowed from the dark, grand days! Be mean, small, and ridiculous—be yourselves; we shall all be a great deal more at our ease when you are despicable and we are despising you again."

Mr. Pettridge's book is written in an entirely different vein and style. He has very little inclination to discourse about the Commune in the tone of a humorist, or in any way to amuse his reader. He expresses his unqualified abhorrence of the subject of his work in very brief and very dry terms, and fills his pages with very long but equally dry narratives of the insurrection and siege, as well as with proclamations, bulletins, and similar public documents of the period. These documents, collectively, form the most valuable portion of the whole, though the very minute accounts of the fighting around Paris—based, it is true, on fugitive reports, which cannot be considered adequate materials for genuine history—have, above all similar publications touching the same events which have come under our notice, the merit of completeness. The author claims, also, the merit of accuracy, and we must

acknowledge that he has at least made an attempt at being accurate. A close examination, however, shows that it was but a feeble attempt. His account of the fighting on the first days of April is as little correct as Mr. Leighton's. His pages are, besides, disfigured by a vast number of falsely printed names. Thus, the names of the members of the Central Committee, which on page 48 are correctly given as Billioray, Ed. Moreau, Mortier, Gouhier, Geresme, and Pougerot, are changed on page 45 into Bilhoray, Edouard, Moreau, Martier, Gushier, Geresme, and Pougerat. The French accents are almost as often omitted as given. A more essential defect is the omission of a rational introduction to the history of the fatal 18th of March, in lieu of which we have a few remarks at the opening on the wickedness of "the ruthless desperadoes of Paris," as well as on "the overthrow of the Imperial dynasty, September 4, 1870, by a greater *coup d'état* than that practised by the Emperor," and—in *extenso*—Prince Napoleon's letter to Jules Favre, dated May, 1871. On the whole, however, Mr. Pettridge's book is well worth reading.

The personal details of the two books are of equally insignificant value, both in regard to the fate and the character of most of the prominent actors in the bloody drama of the Commune. We cannot refrain, however, from copying, as characteristic both of the man and the movement, the following order by Cluseret, a kind of Catonian Marius, who is said to have declared, "I don't want to take one life unnecessarily; but if, at the last moment, I should be called on to kill ten thousand people, I would rather make arrangements for killing fifteen thousand, in order to be on the safe side, than run the risk of not killing the ten thousand," and whom both writers agree in representing as the vilest of revolutionary wretches:

"The Minister of War to the National Guard:

"*Citoyens*: I notice with fear that, forgetful of our modest origin, the ridiculous mania for trimmings, embroidery, and shoulder-knots has begun to take hold on you.

"To work! You have for the first time accomplished a revolution by, and for, labor.

"Let us not forget our origin; and, above all, do not let us be ashamed of it. Workmen we were! Workmen let us remain!

"In the name of virtue against vice, of duty against abuse, of austerity against corruption, we have triumphed; let us not forget the fact.

"Let us be, above all, men of honor and duty; we shall then found an austere republic, the only one that has, or can have, a reason for its existence. . . ."

## RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

WE have so recently and so fully expressed our opinion of Jowett's "Plato," that in mentioning the new edition of it, in four volumes octavo, which Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. have made for this market, we need only speak of the printer's and binder's share in it. Costing half as much as the elegant English edition, these volumes are still handsome enough for a library, and have, for readers, the advantage of being smaller and less heavy to handle. The paper is thin, but takes a clear impression from type which, in the Introduction to each dialogue, is of the same size as this now under the reader's eye, and in the body of the text is a size larger. We are glad that a work of such a high character has thus been brought considerably nearer the means of those who are capable of appreciating both Plato and his translator. Messrs. Scribner & Co. also publish a condensed edition of President Noah Porter's work, "On the Human Intellect," making it, we should judge, much more fit to be used as a text-book, and also more likely to secure a reading from the non-student public. Its title in this form is "Elements of Intellectual Science." Scribner, Welford & Co. continue the regular issue of the marvellously cheap edition of Carlyle's works, which, begun with the "Sartor Resartus" and the "French Revolution," now embraces also the "Life of John Sterling" and, in two volumes, "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches." The success of this republication, remarkable as it has been, is merited by every circumstance connected with its editing and manufacture.

In similar brown cloth covers, stamped with black, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. issue their "Handy Volume" edition of Dickens's works, with which, in paper covers, the public was already familiar as the "Plum-pudding Edition." It is cheap and compact, but we fear we cannot recommend it to weak eyes, or, for that matter, to strong ones, especially of growing boys and girls. The same house also reprint Darwin's "Journal of Researches, etc., during the Voyage of H. M. S. *Beagle* Round the World," a work which bears such a relation to the present doctrines of its author, as well as to future investigations, that its republication after more than thirty years may still be considered timely. Within a few years, Dr. Habel has visited the Galapagos Islands, discovering new species, and now Prof. Agassiz is following in the track of the *Beagle*. Apart from its scientific value, however, this narrative will always rank among the foremost books of travel for popular reading.

Messrs. Harper & Bros. publish an edition that will compare favorably

with the original of "The Earth," by M. Elisée Reclus, whose recent appearance among the Communists and sentence to transportation have excited a painful interest in him and his works. Mr. Kingsley's "Christmas in the West Indies," and Dr. Smith's "Student's History of the Middle Ages," are also reprinted by the Harpers. The latter, as the preface points out, is not an abridgment, being rather a revised edition, of Hallam, incorporating those corrections and changes of view which the author himself refrained from inserting in the text, though he frankly acknowledged them elsewhere. Dr. Smith has added notes and sundry documents famous in English history.

Hawthorne's "American Note Books"—two volumes in one—continue the illustrated library edition of this author's works, issued by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., who also publish a second edition, with some corrections and additions, of the excellent little work on the marine animals of Massachusetts Bay (Radiates), by Elizabeth C. and Alexander Agassiz, called "Seaside Studies in Natural History." The essays in "Chapters in Erie," published by the same house, appeared in great part as they stand in the *North American Review* during the last five years, and are all except one—that on the Legal Tender Act—from the pens of Messrs. Henry Adams and C. F. Adams, Jr., and of that one Mr. Francis A. Walker, formerly of the Census Bureau, and now of the Indian Affairs, was part author. Except the essay on Captain John Smith, of Virginia, which is an enquiry into the veracity of that gentleman, based on the little work of Mr. Charles Deane, they all discuss our railroad system or our financial system; for the elaborate articles on "Bank of England Restriction" and "British Finance in 1816," which we commend cordially to the careful perusal of all "financiers," in Congress or out, are mainly valuable for the light they throw on some of the leading problems of our financial situation. Mr. C. F. Adams's "Chapters in Erie," giving an account of the great Drew-Fisk-Vanderbilt fight for the possession of the railroad, "The Erie Raid," telling the story of Fisk's operations against the Albany & Susquehanna road, and the "New York Gold Conspiracy," by Mr. Henry Adams, giving the history of the crisis of "Black Friday," are known to all our readers for their perspicuous explanation of the most curious intrigues and rascalities with which the tribunals of a civilized community were ever called on to deal. Taken in connection with the articles on our "Railroad System," they not only furnish a deal of information and suggestion which must prove of great value in the railroad legislation of our own day, but they are likely to have considerable historical value, as probably the only comprehensible description of "the transition period," in the application of capital to great enterprises, and in the growth of the art of transportation.

As this year has witnessed the completion of the first step towards annexing the Bluenoses to their Yankee neighbors—the building of the International Railway—there is a peculiar propriety in reprinting Haliburton's "Sam Slick" (New York: Hurd & Houghton). No one on this side the border can possibly read the book with the same feelings which it excited at the time of its first appearance—the sensitiveness at its delineation of Yankee character, or enjoyment of its castigation of the people of the Provinces, or even amusement at the Clockmaker's stories and quaint language. We have, since then, made much more thorough and serious studies of Americanisms, and developed a much subtler humor, and have so far cultivated the critical faculty as to be able to judge "Sam Slick" by a literary instead of by a political or national standard. What Nova Scotians thought of us thirty-odd years ago was of considerably more consequence than it is now, and we can therefore, at the present time, say without suspicion of prejudice or wounded vanity, that Sam Slick is as artificial a character as his own clocks, and a very imperfect artistic creation; but we can also say that Haliburton did not overdraw the "logyness" (to use a fit Americanism) of his countrymen, and that he wisely admonished them of the measures necessary to be adopted if they wished to emulate the progress of their American cousins. Viewed in the light of the event to which we first alluded, the following passages are creditable to the Judge's foresight as well as insight:

"The only thing that will either make or save Halifax is a railroad across the country to the Bay of Fundy.  
 "'It will do to talk of,' says one. 'You'll see it some day,' says another. 'Yes,' says a third, 'it will come, but we are too young yet.'" (p. 91).  
 "I confess I have more faith in this humble but eccentric Clockmaker than in any other man I have met with in this Province. I therefore pronounce, 'There will be a railroad'" (p. 93).

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are also the publishers of a complete and beautifully printed series of Hans Christian Andersen's writings, including his Autobiography, brought down to date. From Messrs. Holt & Williams we have Spielhagen's "Problematic Characters" and "Through Night to Light," in handy volumes, and Aytoun & Martin's "Poems and Ballads of Goethe," which the publishers have added to their Library of Foreign

Poetry. From C. C. Chatfield & Co.: "Half Hours with Modern Scientists," a collection of addresses and essays by Huxley, Tyndall, Cope, and others, on the subjects with which these investigators are identified, including the physical basis of life, the hypothesis of evolution, and the scientific use of the imagination.

It is not every work that has reached its nineteenth edition which we could therefore assume to have been worth printing, but the late Mr. John Wilson's "Treatise on English Punctuation" (New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.) owes its success to merits which have never been disputed. In fact, if it is not the only book in the language which treats solely of punctuation, it is by all odds the most thorough, learned, and authoritative, having the great advantage of being composed by a practical printer as well as a scholar and a grammarian. There appears to be something constitutional in punctuation as in spelling, and on some persons instruction in these branches is nearly wasted; but the fault is, after all, chiefly with the teachers, and it is to Mr. Wilson's treatise that they must turn for self-instruction.

A work also unique, though in another field, and indispensable to all who take an interest in politics, is McPherson's "Political History of the United States during the Period of Reconstruction" (Washington: Philp & Solomons), which embraces a classified summary of the legislation of the three last Congresses (1865-70), with much additional matter. With the same author's "Political History of the Rebellion," it forms a complete review of the political aims, struggles, and development of the people of this country during the most eventful decade in its history, and these two volumes will probably always remain the most convenient and best-stocked works of reference for journalist, statesman, student, or private citizen.

Mr. Geo. A. Townsend's remarkable letters from Utah to the Cincinnati *Commercial* have been collected in the form of a square pamphlet, printed on good paper, of which the American News Co. are the publishers. The reading of this correspondence will enlighten any one, not possessed of special information on the subject in hand, in regard to the motives and character of the present "Mormon Trials at Salt Lake City." We have already expressed our conviction that if Mr. Townsend's statements cannot be controverted (and we have not yet seen them publicly invalidated), there is little cause for congratulation and much for shame in the mode of putting down polygamy which we are now witnessing. Mr. Townsend is no friend to the system, of course; but neither is he friendly to judges with a "mission." His letters will be found entertaining and highly graphic. The passages on pp. 21-23, relating to the Emma Mine, ought to have a special interest for the apologists of Minister Schenck.

*Illustrated Holiday Books.*—"Raphael of Urbino" (London and New York: Macmillan & Co.) purports to be a translation of such parts of Passavant's great work "as are likely to interest the general reader." No name of translator appears. It would, perhaps, not be fair to judge the book as a standard and serious treatise—as a real life of Raphael, based upon Passavant's, if not strictly a translation of it. It has rather the air of a gift-book, although the retention of some at least of the tables and lists given in the German original would seem to be intended to recommend it to students. It is as a gift-book that we treat it here, and as such we find it rather a better one than ordinary, because of the comparatively high value of the illustrations. It is true that there are clearer and brighter-looking permanent photographs from engravings than some of these; but the pictures are tolerably successful even in this respect, and they are well selected as to subject and as to engraver from among Raphael's works.

We hold that it is very desirable to become familiar with the subject and disposition of important works of art. The engravings by Volpato from the large demilunes at the Vatican, the Disputa, the Parnassus, the School of Athens, however little they may give of the real virtue and beauty of the original frescoes, are capable of showing what sort of thing the original frescoes are; and documentary and historical knowledge of these most famous and important works is by itself desirable, and may lead to something more. Undoubtedly these photographs are a long way from being as intelligible and as interesting as the prints from which they are taken; but these Volpatos are costly, fetching from ten to thirty pounds apiece in England, and are not often to be seen in America. This kind of knowledge, too—knowledge as to "fact and date," subject of picture and general arrangement, is the kind of knowledge that can be used in conversation; and a gift-book that can promote intelligent talk on any subject is so far worth giving.

It is a pity that photographs cannot be made to lie flat, without warping their mounts. French books are sometimes better in this respect; but we do not remember an English book containing photographs that is fit to bind, the pictures are so irrepressible in them all. This is a serious injury to the appearance as well as to the convenience of the book before us.

"The Mighty Works of Our Lord Jesus" (New York: Pott, Young & Co.) is a small book, containing only eighty pages of text, and comparatively low priced, so that it is well calculated to supply the want of those who wish to give away an illustrated book of religious meditations. The text is made up of extracts from sermons and the like, and a few short poems or extracts from poems of sacred subject, whether hymns like Doddridge's well-known masterpiece, or didactic narratives like Mrs. Sigourney's contribution. The illustrations are not very good photographs from engravings, etchings, and lithographs. It is unnecessary to particularize in regard to these: most of them are very familiar to all dwellers in towns. Though a fine original of the Rembrandt etching, "Christ healing the sick," is a thing rarely seen, and its cost beyond most purses, yet photography has familiarized the community with its general character. Nor is there any one of these illustrations which we think will be more novel to people generally than the above-mentioned one. To describe a book of this class is to criticise it, and the title of the book before us is, perhaps, sufficiently descriptive by itself. Those who want such a gift-book will understand what this one is.

Mr. Bryant's neat piece of versified meditation upon a hillside spring, "The Story of a Fountain" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), has never seemed to us very stimulating poetry. A poem of this sort invites illustration, however. Every lot in the catalogue may be represented pictorially, first a wolf, and then a bear, and then an assortment of red Indians; a sportsman, a "plumed soldier," two "blue-eyed girls," a "sage"; to each lot a proper landscape background can be furnished, and the poem of a hundred lines or thereabouts finds itself an illustrated book of fifty pages. It is hard to read aloud when one has to turn a page at every second or third line of the verse; we have tried it, and have found it so. No doubt the poem is in a trying position, thus made to do duty as a running title to a scrap-book of pictures, and would read better if printed consecutively on two pages, and headed by a single one of these many engravings—shall we say by Mr. Fenn's clearing, on page 42? That one we think as good as any of them. The illustrations generally are not pleasing; they may have been pretty once, and some of them doubtless were, as, for instance, in the first sketches, whether they were on the block or on accidental pieces of paper. Wood engravers are underpaid, and are often hurried; printers of woodcuts are generally unskilled; the exigencies of book manufacture too often cause failure where comparative success was within easy reach. We criticise no artist's work in this case; no person who looks at this book will fail to see that the pictures as they stand are singularly unsuccessful.

*Wear and Tear; or, Hints for the Overworked.* By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)—This little tract, of fifty-nine pages, which has just reached a third edition, contains an admirable description of the evils of our American rapid way of living, and it ought to be placed in the hands of every teacher and of every hard worker. The warning against overworking schoolboys and, worse still, school-girls, is strongly put, but not a bit too strong for a system of education which justifies a doctor in speaking of the health of our girls in these emphatic words: "If the mothers of a people are sickly and weak, the sad inheritance falls upon their offspring. How many in each score of young girls are fit to be healthy wives and mothers, or, in fact, to be wives and mothers at all? Multitudes of them are merely pretty to look at, or not that: their destiny is the shawl and the sofa, neuralgia, weak backs, and the varied forms of hysteria, that domestic demon which has produced untold discomfort in many a household." On this text Dr. Mitchell preaches a sermon, brief, pithy, and to the purpose. The other heads of his earnest appeal to the people, for more leisure and harder play, may well be left to the parties interested, for the cure is largely in their own hands. What he tells us of the peculiar characteristics of our climate, and the mischievous habits of life here, which make mental work more exhausting than in Europe, opens a wide field of discussion, and suggests warnings and instruction which deserve a separate and larger treatment, that we hope yet to see from Dr. Mitchell's hands. What was wittily said of another Philadelphia book, that it was "too broad, but not long enough," may, in another sense, be said of Dr. Mitchell's tractate. It covers a broad field, for it includes maternity, education, and intellectual work of every kind; but it is brought within its narrow limits by such terseness of statement that every word is full of meaning, and every line teaches a lesson too important to be neglected.

*Johann Reuchlin, sein Leben und seine Werke* (The Life and Works of John Reuchlin). By Dr. Ludwig Geiger. (Leipsic: Duncker & Humblot. 1871.)—Those of our readers who are sufficiently familiar with the German language will know, without an explanation on our part—which the

English translation of the title seems to render necessary—that the book before us contains only the life and remarks on the works of the great humanist, but not also his works themselves. And this biography alone, with the introduction to it, consists of no less than five hundred octavo pages. Nor is it the only comprehensive work devoted to the memory of Reuchlin by German literary historians of our century, not to speak of similar products of biographical research by writers less remote from the age of the admired scholar, the rival of Erasmus and precursor in more than one field of Melancthon and Luther. Gehres, Gabler, Meyerhoff, Erhard, and Lamey have, within the last six decades, published lives of Reuchlin. And yet Dr. Geiger—by the bye, a son of the veteran Jewish reformer and critic, Dr. Abraham Geiger, now of Berlin—has been able, by dint of most diligent research, to elicit entirely new points of interest from his many-sided subject—for Reuchlin's life and activity belonged to as various countries and spheres as were the domains and ages of literature embraced by his scholarship—and to make his book both attractive to the general student of history and instructive to the philologist and antiquarian. A very judicious division of his copious matter between the text and the notes has made the one and the other possible. That Reuchlin's great struggle in opposition to the proposed burning of all Hebrew books, with the exception of the Bible, occupies a prominent place in the narrative, need hardly be told. The comprehensive erudition of the young author is displayed on almost every page; his style is plain; but we think he will have to sacrifice much of his fondness for small critical details before attaining a standing among literary historians adequate to his learning and zeal.

*A Grammar of the Latin Language, from Plautus to Suetonius.* By Henry John Roby. Part I. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871.)—In this book Mr. Roby strikes out so boldly and vigorously that it is hard to speak of it within circumscribed limits. We remark briefly on the scope and intention of the work, that the author disclaims at the outset any attempt to twist the natural arrangement of the facts so as to make it suitable for persons who are learning the language and cannot be trusted to find their own way. "There are plenty of other books for that purpose." The first volume—the second, containing the Syntax, is promised soon—is divided into the usual grammatical categories. But inside of these categories many novelties are to be found. In "The Doctrine of Inflexions" we have the old Aristotelian division into nouns and verbs; adverbs, prepositions, and conjunctions are subordinated as being original parts of nouns and verbs. The Third Book on "Word Formation" contains most valuable lists of Latin words arranged according to their endings.

This grammar is a credit to English scholarship, and a refreshing contrast to the "Public School Latin Primer." It shows on every page extensive and thoughtful reading, much acuteness, and great modesty. Considering the amount of material, there are few inconsistencies and oversights. We regret that the author has not discussed the obscure and interesting question of the length of vowels in syllables long by position. In the Prosody, p. 90 (c), the word *pōl* is omitted, as also monosyllables in *m*, such as *dum*, *nam*, *num*, etc. Obvious misprints, such as *coenaturio*, *humeo*, *quadrigæ*, *δξω*, *voûς*, *foedus* (for *faedus*), *postūmus*, *γλῶκός*, *lurōr*, *adolescēntulus* and *adolescens*, *πᾶν*, *intelligentia*, *negligentia*, and *negligere* cannot mislead the readers for whom the book is intended. But is *Neptunus* (p. 305) equivalent to *νεπτῦννος*, or more closely related to *νέω*, *navis*, *nare*? On p. 301, Cicero's "Orator" is quoted for "De Oratore." By an odd blunder, on p. 164, *Scipiadus* is called an "accusative plural, Sons of Scipio," instead of a nominative singular.

*Oerland: A Novel.* By J. W. De Forest. (New York: Sheldon & Co.)—It cannot be denied that this is an interesting novel. It gives us a succession of incidents, all of which are well told and probable enough to disarm criticism until the book is finished. It is a love story, in which dangers from Indians, treacherous Mexicans, and starvation take the place of the ordinary jealousies and timid doubts that usually torment the hero and heroine. Instead of a mesh of social intrigues, we have an old-fashioned villain in the story, Coronado, and the scene of the novel is well chosen for his crimes; in civilized parts he would only be a sharper, in the Far West he is grand in his wickedness. He bribes a bully to kill the rather stupid virtuous hero; he sets tribes of Indians in ambush, and manages very well all the melodramatic machinery of the novel. Nor is this ever overdone. None of the incidents are impossible, and all in their place seem very probable. Many of the descriptions are admirable. They are, indeed, the best part of the novel, and their merit far outweighs the rest of the story. All the love-tale sinks into insignificance in comparison with, for example, the account of the voyage of Thurstan through the cañon, or of the shipwreck at the end of the book. One

is reminded of what is sometimes seen at the theatre, when a play is brought out with great splendor, new dresses, "gorgeous scenery and new effects," and is itself only a very ordinary piece of love-making after all. It would be very unfair not to acknowledge that Mr. De Forest has done something much better than scene-painting in this book, but still it is easy to see that in this, as in most cases, the novelist feels it necessary to make the young man and young woman enamored, whatever tale he may be telling. A novel is surer to have a wedding than nine-tenths of the flirtations we see around us. But is it impossible for an interesting tale of adventure to be written without a love-story? Would Robinson Crusoe have been as interesting if Friday had been a woman? Moreover, one who is chased by Indians, under peril of death at every moment, has hardly thought left for a civilized courtship. But, however the question may be settled in general, in this case the love-tale does not add to the merit of the story.

The author's style is peculiar, and might even be called "jerky." It is not attractive. For example, page 4: "Now for the remarkable woman. Sturdy and prominent old character, obviously. Forty-seven years old, or

thereabouts; lots of curling iron-gray hair twisted about her round forehead; a few wrinkles, and not all of the newest," etc. In spite of its defects, however, the novel is entertaining, and valuable for its excellent descriptions of Western scenery. The reader might very easily do worse than spend an evening over it.

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